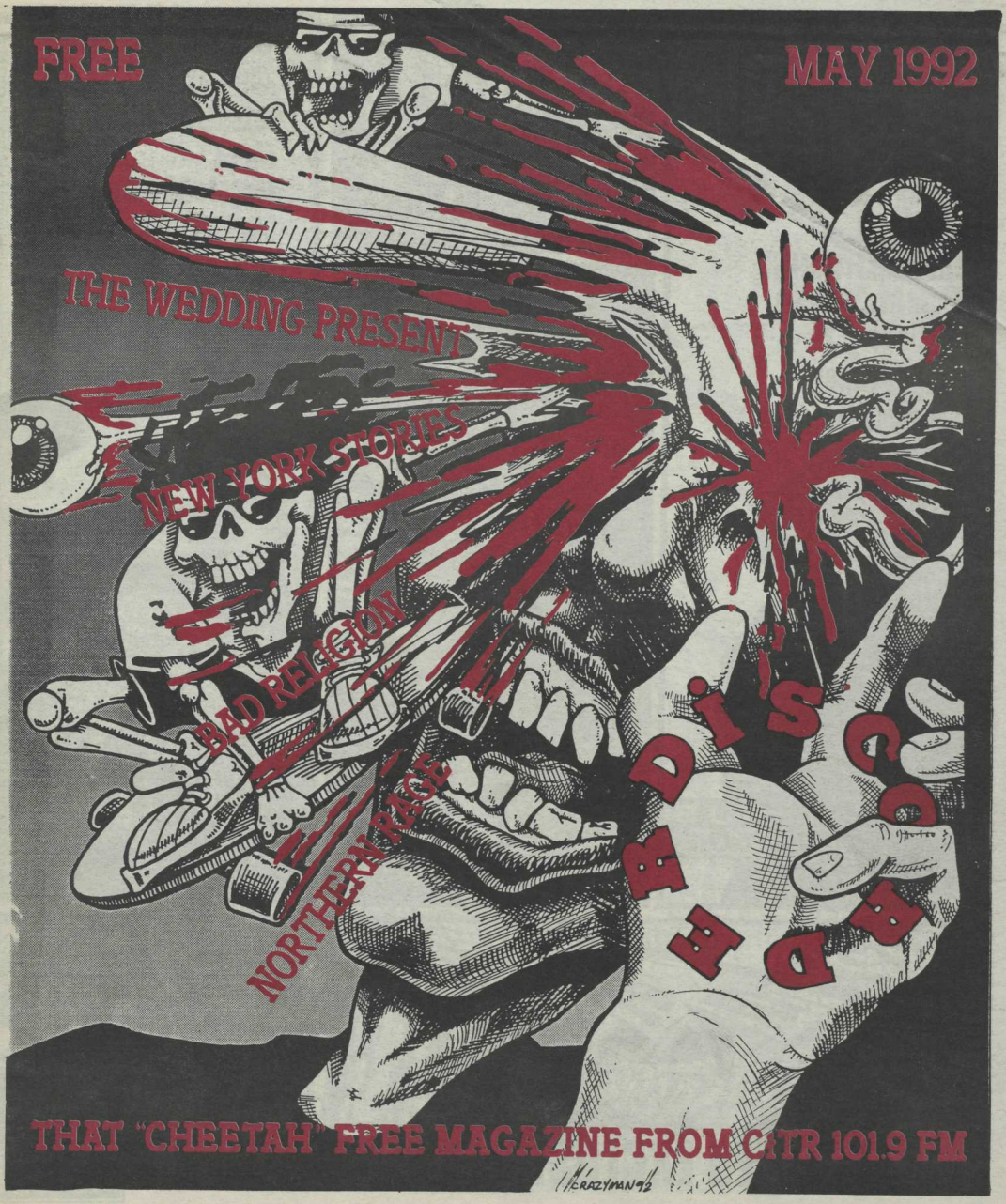
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DISCORDER

MAY 1992 · ISSUE #112

"Kurdt, it's *Discorder*, it's better than the *Rocket*...it's punk rock" — Courtney Love to her husband as heard by Scooter.

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COVER

This month's cover is by local artist Crazyman, who did one hell of a job representing the Northern Rage piece, and the effect *Discorder* may have on your feeble mind...crazy, man!

OFFICE USE ONLY

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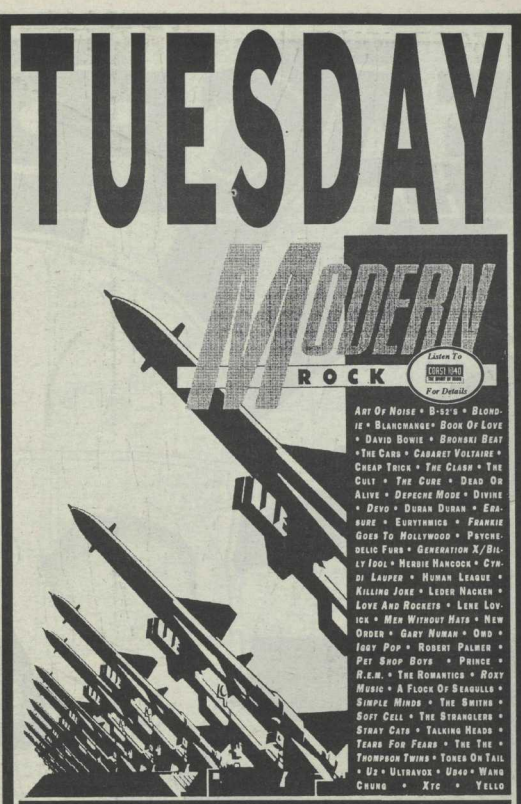
COWSHEAD CHRONICLES

MOST OF THE PEOPLE I WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL WITH ARE EITHER MARRIED, ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED , DIVORCED, WISHED THEY WERE DIVORCED, HAVE CHILDREN BY SEVERAL DIFFERENT MATES, OR DEAD(ALTHOUGH I SUSPECT THAT THERE ARE SEVERAL WHO WISH THEY WERE DEAD AS WELL, BUT THEY SORT OF FALL INTO THE MARRIED/WISH THEY WERE DIVORCED CATEGORY AND THE RULES STATE THAT YOU CAN ONLY CHECK ONE BOX, SO THEY'RE STUCK... SORRY.)I MYSELF FALL INTO A CATEGORY THAT HAS YET TO BE NAMED. NEVER MIND, OKAY, HERE'S THE STATE OF THINGS: MY HIGH SCHOOL REUNION IS COMING UP IN SEPTEMBER I WILL INEVITABLY BE FACED WITH THE UNBAREABLE TASK OF HAVING TO TRY AND RECOGNISE PEOPLE BY THEIR NAMETAGS, MOST OF WHICH WILL PROBABLY SAY "HI! I'M WALLY." AND YOU JUST KNOW I'M NOT GOING TO REMEMBER ANY WALLY. FACT IS, YOU JUST KNOW THAT THE ONE SAVING GRACE IS THAT EVERYONE WILL HAVE GAINED AT LEAST THIRTY-FIVE POUNDS OR BECOME A POSTER CHILD FOR THE KAREN CARPENTER FOUNDATION, SO NO ONE WILL EXACTLY BE A "STUDLY STEVE" OR "BODACIOUS BRENDA," ALTHOUGH DEEP IN MY HEART I'M HOPING THAT ANITA IS STILL WELL 'NUFF SAID.I RECEIVED A LETTER IN THE MAIL THAT HAD ENCLOSED IN IT A CARD THAT I AM SUPPOSE TO MAIL BACK IN WITH A BREIF SYNOPSIS OF MY LIFE OVER THE LAST TEN YEARS..LIKE I'M WILLING TO REVEAL THAT TYPE OF DATA. YES, WELL FOR SEVERAL YEARS I EXPERIMENTED WITH PRACTICALLY EVERY KNOWN DRUG BEFORE MOVING ON TO FENCING STOLEN PROPERTY AND HAVING SEX WITH ANYONE WHO WOULD GET NAKED WITHIN TEN FEET OF ME, AND WELL, NOW I'M STRICTLY INTO WEARING WOMENS UNDERGARMENTS WHILE HANGING OUT AT VIDEO ARCADES NEAR THE COIN EXCHANGE. OH HOW I WISH IT WAS TRUE. I DIDN'T BOTHER TO BUY A YEARBOOK, FRANKLY I COULDN'T HAVE CARED LESS AND NOW I'VE BEEN THROWN INTO THIS REUNION THING HEAD FIRST BECAUSE THE FEW FRIENDS THAT I HAVE FROM THAT ERA HAVE CONVICED ME THAT WE SHOULD ALL JUST GO THERE AND LIE LIKE BANDITS. GOOD PLAN.I'VE DECIDED TO TELL ALL WHO ASK THAT I'VE BEEN IN JAIL FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS FOR SELLING SNUFF FILMS, HAVE SEVERAL CHILDREN BY EITHER THREE OR FOUR DIFFERENT WOMEN, AND THAT ONE OF THE PROVISIONS OF MY RELEASE IS THAT I HAVE TO STOP HANGING OUT AT SCHOOLYARDS. 'CAUSE YOU KNOW ALL I WANT TO DO AT THIS REUNION IS FIT IN....

GTH



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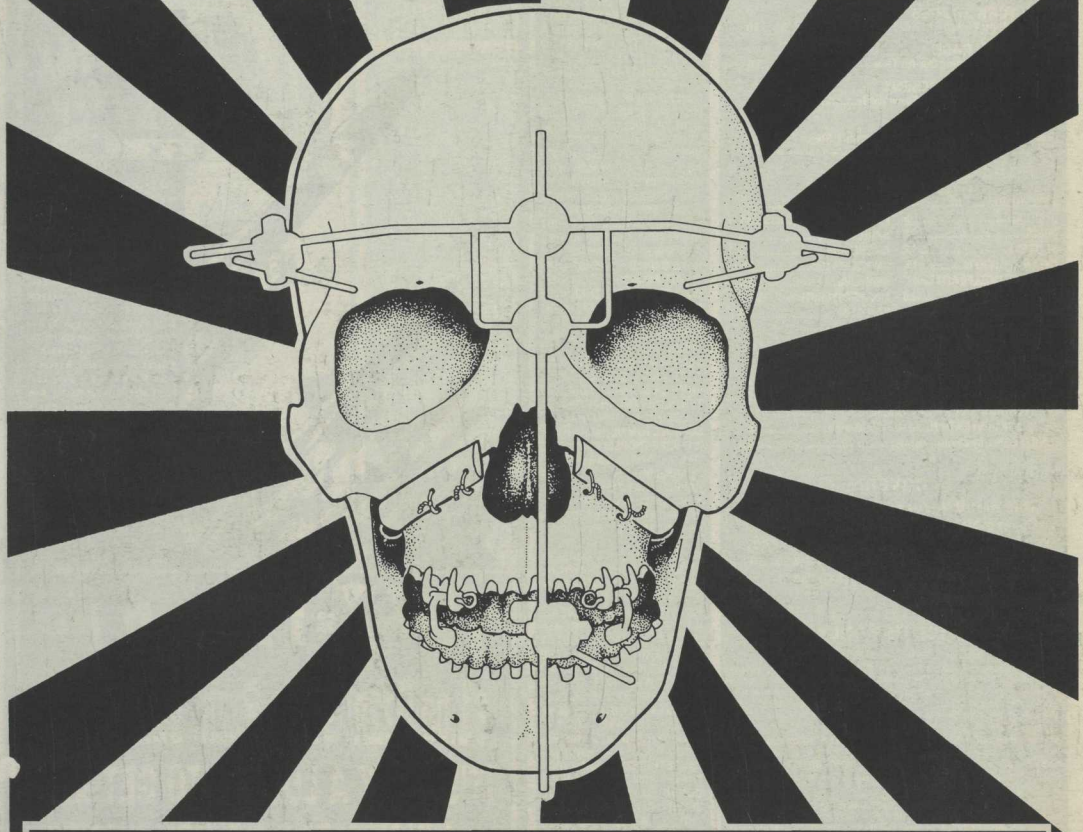

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Salutations all of you Discorder readers. Just to keep you on your toes—and to show our undying affection for your continued loyalty—this month, we've included a slightly tricky local band crossword puzzle on page 20; 7" column. Now because Grant Lawrence put so much darn time into compiling the thing, the least we can do is offer up some hearty audio prizes in appreciation to him and you for taking the time to figure it out. Whether you read Discorder *on the local, national, stateside, or international level there should be more than enough information from past issues to assist you in solving the puzzle. So, dig through that recycling bin, unwrap that fish, and clean out that birdcage because everybody is going to get an equal chance.*

Submit your completely solved (or close to it) crossword puzzle, and preference of CD or cassette format, to:

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*All correct entries received by May 25 (for heaven's sake don't forget your return address) will then be eligible for the draw of 1 of 3 grand prizes! [*Note: There will also be a prize for the worst entry picked by our own Mofo!] Enter now; enter often; all entries must be seperately postmarked.*

Contest open to all Discorder *readers except direct employees thereof.*

Oh yeah, I guess you'll want to know what's up for grabs: music , music, music and a subscription card to Thrasher *magazine. Good luck!*

While I've got your attention I may as well inform you about a couple of changes happening here at Discorder. *First, it happens that our hard-working Co-Editor, Sara Faulkner, is leaving us for the smog-riddled twilight of Toronto. Seems she's got a good paying job scraping the gum off of the standup roller-coaster at Canada's equivalent to Disneyland. I'm just glad we played such an intricate role in her itinerary of success... "We knew her when...."*

Lastly, I'm proud, as I hope all of our readers our, of the fact that Discorder *has never (seriously) taken on the nonsensical task of trying to define the term alternative. Frankly, everytime I read some tripe by the newest hack on the scene who believes he holds the definition, and the formula to Nirvana's success, my gag reflex starts to act up. One read in particular pops into my head by Ian Chiclo, Editor of Calgary's Vox. Well, of course, he held no bold ideas on the subject but managed to spew forth a good half page of rhetoric and exhausted notions—smells like Lee Hill-dom to me. But that's only the half of it, since he managed to use Nirvana's name no less than 7 times in the first 2 paragraphs (byline was also devoted to the Fab 3).*

Hey, I'll be the first to admit that I like the band too, but why can't we let a sleeping dog lie? Carl Sagan and the Jeopardy *research team are on this planet for a reason and that's to dwell upon the unanswerable. Here is a tougher one for you, Ian. What is funk and how does it apply to today's "new school" of rap and roll? Explain without reference to P-Funk or the Red Hot Chili Peppers.*

Do I sound crass enough yet? Anyways, my point is that Discorder *and its readers are damn tired of reading that bands name and the word grunge as well. So, from this sentence forth (or for a couple of issues at least) you will not find the overly abused words "Nirvana" or "grunge" in this paper again. The pronoun of which I speak will be deleted in its entirety from all text while the latter noun will be replaced by the word "cheetah." We guarantee it, or your pizza is free.*

In closing, tune in next month for lots of laughs 'cuz rumour has it that Scooter has an interview with Courtney Love, wife of the cheetah king himself. Also in the works are some astounding pieces on: Jim Rose, The Monkeywrench, Teenage Fanclub, Hammerbox, and lots more. And don't forget about our ALL LOCAL issue coming out in July, which will include the Local Music Directory (refer to page 6).

adieu, ™Ed.

Dear Airhead,

Once again I am sittin' and flippin' through your lovely publication, eating pickled eggs and cloves of garlic (so I smell better than G.G.Allin in a steam bath, naked, if you can imagine) and my life is near perfect but wait .... Those pictures of Henry Rollins trouble me! Is Mr. Rollins' neck really big or is his head just small? Suddenly my punk rock idol seems strangely mortal, maybe he isn't my idol! What if the Vasectamoids were my favorite band? If there were no more thirteen year olds being punk, would there be anymore Sex Pistols records? Do the Cro-Mags eat fish with red or white wine? What if I had a gallon of Jesus Bonehead's (Dayglo Abortions) body fluids to call my own?!!

You know it's questions like these that Leonard Nimoy's "In Search Of" programs should have investigated. I hope you can help me, I'm greatly perplexed.

Thanks

Excubus Manslaughter

P.S. Thank-you for answering my Elvis/Glen Danzig question. So if Elvis is fake and Glen Danzig is buried at Graceland then the guy singing for Danzig is just some meaty big guy with a bad lid and ugly sideburns.

Strangely enough, Mr. Rollins and I, "Airhead," suffer from opposite diseases: I suffer from a rare disease called gigantism while Hank is just plain old puny. I wouldn't want to be the one to tell him though. And what is with you and this Malcolm McLaren obsession? The Sex Pistols never existed. I bet you thought the Monks were British too? WRONG! 4 guys from the American mid-west who sang with accents 'cuz they thought it would sell more records... Don't tell me you're one of the ignorant masses buying up Body Count records as well?

Actually, if you have a gallon of Jesus Bonehead's body fluids I hear it serves up nice with a MacPoulet and Jojos.

Dear Airhead,

I'm writting from Greece. I would like very much to send me some issues of *Discorder*. I'm sure that *Discorder* will broaden our informations about the rock music scene of the world, here in Greece.

Also, would you like informations about the Greek rock scene? We have some very "cool" rock groups here like The Last Drive, Deus Ex Macina, etc. I think that your readers will "say yes" in this proposal. Or cassettes' trade about the Greek rock music and Canadian and American music?

I'm looking forward to your answer.

John Skiadas
Holargos, Greece

Dear Airhead,

I am interested in subscribing to your magazine. I've read a good review about "*Discorder*", but before subscribing I was wondering if you could send me a complimentary magazine. That would be great.

Thanks,

Topher Farrell
Jupiter, FL, USA

Dear Airhead,

I'm still reading *Discorder*. It seems very small and far away now, like reading old copies of *Snot Rag*.

Ian Boothby is really funny but... who is this asshole Scooter? Traci Lords is a "slut", Courtney Love is a "Nirvana mattress" and a "hole in both senses of the word," and the post-interview gossip-fest centres on who fucked which female musician.

Nice to know D-mag and the mighty R are still on guard against sexist attitudes.

Fuck you,

Paul Funk

Mr. Funk...why does that name ring a bell? Maybe it's because your reputation of being anything but a feminist was paramount around Discorder/CiTR. Kind of like the pot calling the kettle black isn't it?

Here is al ittle background information you might need to read the article of mention: Leaving Trains are a very sexist band; Courtney Love and Hole admittedly project a bruised and slutty image. Now if you were to read Scooter's piece to accomodate this new found knowledge you might not have taken so much, supposed, offense to it. Your point is taken and, in retrospect, Scooter's remarks were very derogatory so in no way am I trying to justify his remarks. But I'll have you know that Courtney actually phoned Scooter regarding this issue and wasn't the least bit offended. Hey, the guy feels bad enough, and so do we, so why don't we all just take this as a learning experience.

WITH A DEEP BREATH AND A POUNDING HEART DR. COLEMAN FACES ONE OF THE MOST CRUCIAL DAYS OF HIS CAREER AND HIS LIFE.

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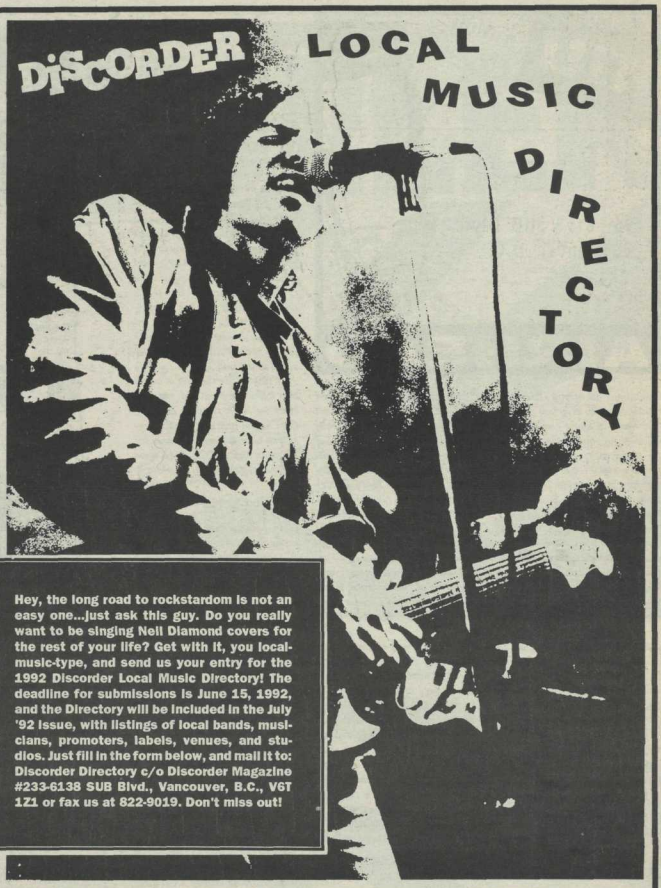

Hey, the long road to rockstardom is not an easy one...just ask this guy. Do you really want to be singing Neil Diamond covers for the rest of your life? Get with it, you local-music-type, and send us your entry for the 1992 Discorder Local Music Directory! The deadline for submissions is June 15, 1992, and the Directory will be included in the July '92 issue, with listings of local bands, musicians, promoters, labels, venues, and studios. Just fill in the form below, and mail it to: Discorder Directory c/o Discorder Magazine #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, B.C., V6T 1Z1 or fax us at 822-9019. Don't miss out!

DISCORDER LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY

PLEASE FILL OUT THIS FORM LEGIBLY AND RETURN IT TO US BEFORE JUNE 15

You are a: (check one, please) ___ band/musician ___ promoter ___ record label ___ record distributor ___ live music venue ___manager ___ studio ___ other (please elaborate:.....)

NAME.....

DESCRIPTION (15 words or less).....

.....

CONTACT.....

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ASEXUALS

The **Asexuals** are coming! The Asexuals are coming! The Asexuals came! The boys from Montreal were in Vancouver on one of their many stops in their ploy to dominate the earth and I had the pleasure of chatting with T.J. Collins, vocalist/guitarist for the band and what transpired is represented in the following: a commendation to this band that you should learn to know and love, if you haven't already.

Have you ever told an attractive member of the opposite sex a lie, in hopes of impressing him/her, and thereby winning their undying love? Case in point: a young T. J. Collins (alias T.J. Plenty). You see, he told a young female that he was a "REALLY GREAT" guitarist and soon after found himself trying to learn how to play the six-stringed puzzle. Fate soon took its course and by numerous flukes, T. J. ended up getting gigs (with friends' bands) in which he would "hack away at the guitar and try and look cool," as he puts it. Well, time passed, T. J. actually learned how to play the guitar, and then realized that he was a better songwriter than a musician. It was then that he and his pals, John Kastner, Paul Remington and Sean Friesen, began the Asexuals, with T. J. swapping the guitar for bass.

The name itself came from a serious lack of female companionship in high school. T.J. says, "it wasn't that we were really ugly, we were just obnoxious guys." Obnoxious enough to play live it seems, and in 1983 they came out of their parents' basements and made their debut with their now-classic, self-titled EP. Many live shows followed and two years later the Asexuals had rattled off two full-length efforts: *Be What You Want* in 1984 and 1985's *Contemporary World*, both of which were instant favorites with punk rock kids across Canada.

It was soon after *Contemporary World* that John Kastner left the band to form (who else but...) the Doughboys. This left the rest of the band at a crossroads of sorts and, although rather confused, they continued as a three piece with T. J. on vocals. After a few attempts at reforming into a four piece they finally clicked with bassist Blake Cheetah—T.J. switched back to what got him into this mess in the first place and was now a singer/guitarist. (Whew! Are you following me? Believe me it gets more confusing).

This change marked the time when the band made a stylistic shift from pure hardcore to a more popped-up, melodic punk sound. T.J. explains it simply: "We were tired of playing hardcore tunes and didn't really like the style of music we were writing at the time so we decided we'd go for that kind of sound. And we've been standing by it ever since." Their attitudes changed a bit too, as the lyrics became more personal (in comparison to the broader messages on the two earlier LPs), and the band decided they wanted to leave the "do-it-yourself indie mode" and reap the benefits of financial backing and distribution.

They signed with Cargo Records, recorded the *Dish* LP, and the relationship has flourished ever since. *Dish* was released in 1988, and the songs on the album caught more than a few Asexuals fans offguard. "Quite a few punk rock kids were down on us, but it's all turned around. Now, we have way more fans that are *Dish* lovers, than like our old hardcore stuff."

Dish was critically acclaimed, receiving rave reviews in many magazines, including the *CMJ*, *New Music Report*, and *Billboard*. This new found success took the band overseas, for their first tour of Europe, where, as T.J. puts it, "it was great show after great show, with nice people and beautiful scenery. It was one of the best experiences I've ever had." Yes, it proves true: Europeans love Canadian bands, particularly that early punk avec pop tendencies sound. Their success scored them a deal with German label Fire Engine, which distributes the band's material in Europe.

Depending on how you look at it, not all went well in Europe. It was at the end of the tour that bassist Blake Cheetah decided to leave the band to pursue his true love of writing. Word has it he's teaching English and is rather content. Once again the Asexuals needed to find a replacement. Longtime pal Dom Pompeo joined, and is currently filling the bassist position.

Their European label enables *Exile from Floontown* (the most recent release, circa 1991) to be available on both sides of the Atlantic. The album was produced by another pal, Kevin Komoda (of "Brave New Waves" fame), who has worked with the Grapes of Wrath and the Pursuit of Happiness. *Exile* is a continuation of the *Dish*-style tunes, but has a heavier feel capturing the Asexuals great live sound.

"*Floontown* is a way of life. It's like leaving whatever you don't like doing, to do something you enjoy, and this is basically what we're doing," T.J. concurs. Successfully escaping floontown, the boys leave behind hardcore, bringing with them the same old punk integrity and energy that makes them so damn good live. And good they were at the Cruel Elephant. The Asexuals had many a fan at the good old Nasty Pachyderm (credit to Rob Wright for coining that phrase) rockin' out, and even tossing in "Be What You Want" to make the punk kids happy. If you enjoyed the show, and the last LP (*Dish*), pick up *Exile from Floontown*. If you missed both, or either, may as well catch up. 86 your own little floontown, and buy the record, dammit. I wish the Asexuals every success in the world, and, like they say, "ASEXUALS WORLD DOMINATION OF THIS PLANET" appears imminent!

by Joelioela Fraser

Uncle Tupelo

Uncle Tupelo
Uncle Tupelo
Uncle Tupelo

by Rory Tait

When was the last time you thought about St. Louis, Missouri? Well, maybe you should more often, since it is the gateway to the western plains, not to mention the home to **Uncle Tupelo**: the best power trio to come out of the midwest since the Huskers kicked the bucket in 1987. If Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie picked up electric guitars and cranked their amps up to juicy-distortion levels, they would have formed Uncle Tupelo 40 years ago and Jay Farrar, Jeff Tweedy and Mike Heidorn would be working the factory belt and sucking back beers on weekends.

Happily, Uncle Tupelo is a band from the present. With two albums, *No Depression* and *Still Feel Gone* on Rockville records, Uncle Tupelo is working the rigorous touring circuit east of the Mississippi, around the midwest, east coast and Canada in their 1982 Chevy van. Perhaps they'll be out our way soon...until then, this transcription of my conversation via telephone with drummer Mike Heidorn will have to do for now:

Discorder: So where are you calling from?

Mike Heidorn: I dunno...somewhere in Canada between Detroit and Toronto. I've just been sitting on the floor of the van reading, so I don't really know where we're at.

I know you're from around St.Louis, but where exactly are you from?

We're actually from Belleville, Illinois, which is about 30 minutes due east of St. Louis. It's like a suburb.

Is there much of a music scene there?

In St. Louis, yeah...it's constantly growing and changing. There's always lots of people picking up the slack, and there's a lot of good clubs to play at, but I don't think it's something that people know about outside of the area. It's not to the point where people have been seeking out the "scene" or anything.

Uncle Tupelo is the only band I've heard from the St. Louis area, so I'm wondering: are there are a lot of other bands there that are playing music in a similar vein?

Yeah, there's a handful of guitar-rock bands, some of whom are making demos and are playing around the midwest, but there's a lot of funk and psychedelic stuff too.

How much does the area you come from, the midwest, influence the kinds of things you write about or your music?

Jeff and Jay usually share the lyric writing, so I can't really offer much insight there, but from knowing them for so long I know that it has a lot to do with the music coming out of us. I know that if we were born and raised in New York, I don't think we'd be picking up acoustic guitars as we did when we were little. We had those rolling hills there in Missouri and our parents, or at least Jay's parents, have accordians and acoustics hanging aroung the house, so we get that kind of country-blend feel. As far as the lyrical content, I'd say if we were from New York I don't think the lyrical content would be much different, because I think that a lot of the stuff that happens here happens in the biggest of cities...it's just a matter of whether you want to open your eyes and see that. New York can be depressing too...I just went there for the first time about a year ago; I don't really like it, it's a pain in my ass.

What was the reason for covering Graham Parsons' song "Sin City"?

Oh, Graham Parsons is a pretty cool dude by us. I dunno, we started playing that a long time ago towards the end of our live sets with Jeff and Jay singing it and playing acoustic guitar. People kept asking for it live in different cities...I don't know how they heard about it, so we decided to record it. I don't know where we first heard it, probably on a Flying Burrito Brothers album. The first time I heard them two sing it was in St. Louis at a small bar and with those two and their harmonies, it was a real shiver-up-the-spine moment. That was recorded a long time ago, I forget when, but when we needed something to put on the B-side of the "I Got Drunk" single. "I Got Drunk" is the first song we ever wrote and we had a lot of people who know our set kept asking us why it wasn't on the album, so we did it as a single.

It seems to me that a lot of the other songs on *No Depression* grew out of "I Got Drunk".

Oh yeah, a lot of those tunes were written in the span of a couple of months, when we were trying to fit all the chords and stuff together. Since "I Got Drunk" was the first song, it was always there, and the other ones sorta developed from that.

You've got a lot of songs about drinking, and when you listen to most rock songs about drinking or drug-taking there's usually a celebration of alcohol or drugs. However, with your songs it's much more of a melancholy approach.

We've been asked about that a lot over the past few years, and a lot of people were wondering if the second album was going to be about the same kind of things. It probably is but it seemed that people were assuming we could drink 15 cases of beer a night, and we really don't even drink! At the time we wrote those songs, I think we were drinking, but it was nothing that we set out to do. Most of the songs are definitely not "pro"-drinking songs but more to do with the after-effect. If you're sober you can see a lot of things in a drunk person.

There's also a political bent to the songs as well, a real Industrial-proletarian viewpoint; they seem written from the perspective of someone who's at the bottom of the economic ladder.

We definitely come from the majority. The majority in America is made of ordinary people trying to make a living; whereas there is that minority which controls what you're going to hear. Songs like "Graveyard Shift" are pretty much from our own experience or from people we know: there used to be a lot of manufacturing in our area but with so many corporate buyouts and everything, there's a lot of businesses closing. It's starting to fall apart.

Uncle Tupelo
P.O. Box 9249
St. Louis, MO
63117

SEAWEED

by Coral Short

When I met with **Seaweed** before their April 8th gig at the Cruel Elephant I had to do so at the back door. Joe, the bouncer at the Cruel Elephant, wouldn't even let the band take their coffees or beer outside so it was impounded or hidden for later consumption. Only Aaron and John came along for the interview as, understandably, Aaron said it just gets a little too chaotic with everyone involved. With that in mind see Mindy's gig review for details of their energetic show. Read.

Introductions
Aaron: 20 and sings.
John: 22, plays bass.
Bob: "senior citizen of the band" at 23, drums.
Wade: 20, plays guitar.
Clint: 19, also plays guitar.

So you're all from Tacoma?
John: Yep, we're all from various small parts of Tacoma.

How did the name Seaweed originate?
John: We wanted to be near Slayer in the record section.

Any significance to your new LP's title, *Weak*?
Aaron: It is. We're not trying to be tough guys or anything, we get beat up too much.
John: We tried the tough guy approach for a while...
Aaron:...but there's guys like Rollins out there and it just doesn't happen.

In your press kit it says you are all big on masturbating, is this true?
John: Big? Well, I'd say we're kinda small actually. (laughter) We haven't been keeping track on this tour.
Aaron: But we've only been on tour for 8 hours.
John: Usually we keep track accumulatively.
Aaron: I don't think I'm going to keep track this time, I think I'm going to slow down.
John: We used to have a scoreboard but it wasn't for any kind of sexual gratification.

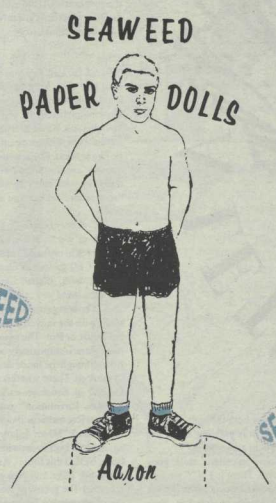
So you don't have girlfriends then?
Aaron: Sometimes, not on tour, but we're not that type of band. We're not tough guys, we don't get babes on tour.
John: Our band is the closest thing that we have on tour.

Who are your favourite Vancouver bands or do you know any?
John: The Smugglers, or are they from Victoria? I love the Smugglers. Of course I like Nomeansno.
Aaron: I like the Doughboys but I guess they're from Canada and I guess I don't like them anymore.
John: Man, not enough Vancouver bands come down[to the States].
Aaron: I like Sparkmarker.
John: Yeah, definitely.

What are the noticeable differences between Canada and the U.S.?
Aaron: The States has good food.
John: American cheese is a lot better than Canadian cheese.
Aaron: And I'd just like to say that I went to the Spaghetti Factory here and it was fucking LAME.
John: The Spaghetti Factory in Tacoma is way better than Vancouver's. That's not all, everything is way too expensive; the beer costs too much.
Aaron: I like the highways up here better, they're more scenic. That's about all I've got to say.

What if someone came up to you and said that punk rock is dead?
Aaron: It wasn't the last time I checked. It can't die, it's not a living being. It's like a concept.

Do you know who your fans are? Do you have any?
Aaron: They seem to be nice people, they're not our friends. Sometimes they're mongers.
John: They seem to be clean cut and well behaved for the most part although I think they smoke too much crack, definitely, and too much marijuana.
Aaron: Too much drugs as you say in Canada.



On the cover of *Weak* one of you is wearing an SNFU shirt, what other shirts do you all wear?
John: I have a Tacoma Pickleball shirt...
Aaron: I have a shirt that says "Duh" on it...
John: I have a shirt that says "I'd rather be square dancing."
Aaron: I have about 15 shirts do you want me to name all of them? I have a Velocity Girls shirt, Thrasher...I have a lot of skate shirts because I have lots of friends who work at skate companies.
John: I hate those SubPop shirts that say "Loser" on them, we're going to make shirts that say "Winner" on them because our fans are winners.

Is it true that you stole the logo for your shirts from the band the Daves?
Aaron: I'd like the Dave to look at a logo called Dupont.
John: Or ACME perhaps. We've never even heard of the Daves but we want to kick their ass.
aaron: All I know is that the Daves' thing is really circular and ours is oval. I'm not saying that our thing is original at all, we pretty much ripped it off of Olivelawn and Dupont, but I don't think it's like the Daves'. I think they are a little sheltered to think that they were the first persons to come up with their name in a circle.

Do you still play a lot of all ages shows considering your ages?
John: We always try, if at all possible, to play all ages shows; it's much better than bars, much less exclusionary.

Did you take any music or swimming lessons when you were young?
Aaron: I taught swimming lessons. I've only had one job where I wasn't a swimming instructor.
John: I took gymnastics, calligraphy, tai kwon do...

What do you think of when you think of Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada?
Aaron: Porno.
John: Border Hassles.
Aaron: Kim Kinakin from Sparkmarker.

When is the next time you're going to be up here and where is the tour covering?
Aaron: We're on tour for like 3 months: south, midwest and the upper part of Canada.
John: Edmonton, Calgary, Winnipeg and then we make a run for the border. We're playing Teslalousa, Alabama.
Aaron: Then we're going to come back for a week, go to Europe for 6 weeks and then we're going to take the rest of the summer off. So, maybe in the fall.

LUSH

by Justin Leigh

Lush, London's most current musical asset, swung into town recently on the last week of a six week North American tour, promoting their album *Spooky*. I caught Miki (vocals, guitar) and Phil (bass) backstage at the Commodore after soundcheck.

You've played Montreal and Toronto but have you ever been to Vancouver before?
Miki: No, we did quite a major tour when we came with Ride which was about a year ago. We went through the Midwest and then straight to California, so we missed out this top corner.

Lush receives a lot of publicity in the British Press and also recently in North America. You were even on the *Dennis Miller* show. Do you enjoy all the press that you get?
Miki: The Press? I think it has worn a bit thin. We enjoyed it about a year ago. We didn't do anything last year and yet we were in the British press every day. It was sort of fun but then we got a reputation for not actually doing anything, just being in the press, and it backfired on us. So now we've done our press tarts bit and we've had enough of it. It's good to get away and not see the *NME* or the *Melody Maker*.

How are you songs written?
Miki: Emma and I do it individually, we haven't managed to do it as a band so far. It might change because Steve Rippon, who used play bass before Phil, wasn't a bass player at all. So he wouldn't know where to start to write a bass line to a melody that already existed. Everything had always been written for him. It might change now, I don't know.

What has been the worst show so far?
Miki: Raleigh, North Carolina.
Phil: You couldn't take drinks into the hall, or smoke, or dance, because of the insurance.
Miki: College shows are basically just for the students. They figure that they've got nothing better to do that night, so you don't get a very enthusiastic crowd. Whereas when you play a club, people are coming specifically to see you so they make more of an effort to listen to what you're doing.

Is there a comeraderie amongst Lush and the other bands on the 4AD label?
Miki: Not really. You see them, and we've met the Pixies, but only because we'll go backstage and say hi. We know Tanya Donnelly (ex-Throwing Muses) because she used to go out with our manager, but it's not like we're all one big gang. The only reason that we knew the Cocteau Twins is because prior to 4AD we sent Robin Guthrie a tape and he was interested, so we met him even before we were on 4AD.

What bands do you listen to on the road?
Miki: Black Sabbath.
Phil: A bit of William Shatner.
Miki: Spiritualized.

Are there any bands that are big that shouldn't be?
Miki: I don't think of it that way. There are some bands that I don't really like.
Phil: Bands like Ned's Atomic Dustbin, or Carter USM. But if you are 14 or 15...
Miki: There are some bands that irritate me.
Phil: The Wonderstuff.
Miki: I can't work up enough enthusiasm to hate these bands because as far as I'm concerned, so what?!!

Where are you off to next.
Miki: Salt Lake City. And then Europe for seven weeks, and then back to America to do Lallapalooza.

Do you expect the Manchester scene to completely fade away?
Miki: Well, it has already. In it's boom period all it meant was that anyone from Manchester was considered to be part of this indie dance-type scene. It's got to a point where they have to change what they do a little bit because that sound has just become synonymous with something that has dated so much.

Do you have any material for a new album?
Miki: Not one morsel. Chris (the drummer) has a few Black Crowes numbers he'd like to bang out. All I know is that the second we have any time off we'll be expected to write some more songs.

You won't be able to take any time off?
Miki: I don't think we can afford that luxury at the moment.

Do you feel any urgency?
Miki: Not an urgency. Take a band like Ride for example. They can book a studio for two weeks and they'll come out with six songs. We can't do that. If we get two weeks off, Emma might come up with one and a half songs, and I might just manage to scratch one together. It takes a long time and we don't want the next record to sound just like *Spooky*. There's going to have to be some sort of change.

Do you like touring North America?
Miki: Yeah, it's great.

Have you seen *Wayne's World*?
Miki: I've seen it twice.

You liked it, huh?
Miki: I think it's brilliant, no, EXCELLENT!

Discography
Scar EP (4AD) 1989
Mad Love EP (4AD) 1989
Gala LP (4AD/Polygram) 1990
Black Spring EP (4AD/Polygram) 1991
Spooky LP (4AD/Polygram) 1992

If you can avoid those Nordic "O"s and sporadic out-of-context "eh"s you can successfully avoid a host of stupid questions from locals about "up there." Actually, it was mildly flattering after spending a character building 24 hours in Study Butte, Texas where everyone is blissfully unaware. After six "flamin' hot dams" or whatever the house specialty was called, I volunteered my identity to an inquiring local who replied, "Oh yeh, ain't that sum stoopit tahwn in thuh middul ah nowhere?" Can I have some steer please?

Top 5 Most Asked Canada-Related Questions

1. So...what exactly do the French want anyway?
2. You guys are plotting against us aren't you?
3. Do you know about (insert name of band here) in Canada?
4. How cold was it when you left?
5. Do you get radio/T.V. up there?

A Fun Trick to Play

Show your new American friends a crisp Canadian 20 dollar bill. Carefully watch them gawk.... then, tell them they can have it for keepers if they burn a hole through it. First, make sure it is pressing down flat on their skin somewhere.

Some excellent stuff goes down here. There is a N.Y. version of the Cruel Elephant in the Beaver Cleaver suburbs of Hoboken, New Jersey. A lot of bands play there within lieu of a couple of days between the Ritz and CBGB's in Manhattan. It's worth the trip to Hoboken for C.E. regulars... just to feel the eerie continuity. If you wish to get into the realm that Gest Quest Co-Op attempts, there's the infamous ABC No Rio. If only GQ had the option of attaining a permanent building that they didn't have to pay rent for. It amazes me how an "illegal" club manages to survive in the spanish quarter of the lower East Side, an area that is so congested that people are doing their laundry in the sewers. Yet ABC still have weekly gigs with up to five hardcore, cheetah, and comedy bands playing. (And yes, Jason X there were at least fifteen kids' gasp' drinking outside.) I guess N.Y. cops have better things to do.

Cops

You can jaywalk freely here. Heck, stop and do a little dance on the hood. You cannot, however, under any circumstances, be willing to let your dog shit. If you're caught walking your dog without an empty plastic bag in hand, I believe the consequences are similar to passing out drunk in your car with your keys "somewhere where you can find them."

I've only been in N.Y.C. for a couple of weeks and I've already held crack in my hand...sealed safely in a 1 1/2 sq. inch of clear plastic casting resin, shaped like a trick ice-cube mind you...crazy kids.

The best going-ons by far have to do with the movement–cum–label Squat or Rot. The eminent domain scene is surprisingly organized here although the locals don't seem to think so. There was this monster festival in Brooklyn called "The October Revolution" put on by Squat or Rot and a similar organization called "Minor Injury." Once again an all ages event with alcohol being SOLD this time. (As well as soup, hot dogs and Squat or Rot records.) The premises were a circle of abandoned factories, newly abandoned I gather since you literally had to scale heaps of debris to get to the stage. The cops came, the cops looked around, the cops left. I was impressed. Twelve bands: two industrial and the rest were hardcore. Bands of note were **Colored greens** (N.Y.C.). Music not unlike locals **Lootbag**, with a little touque–wearing white guy singing DJ–Reggae style a mile a minute, better and faster than Shabba fer sherr.

Manic Depression were equally excellent. This four piece band from Buffalo played a 45 minute set, whopping the standard half-hour the other eleven bands played (with the exception of Youth Gone Mad, who sucked incredibly that night and I think played for ever). Manic Depression reminded me of the **Evaporators** when I closed my eyes, and of **Celebrity Skin** when I opened my eyes and plugged my ears...I swear.

Soundbit House were fairly interesting. They banged on sheet metal and had tape loops (à la Steel Pole Bathtub) playing in the background. Still, a little too Laibach for me, the indoor fire that happened during their set was a little more interesting. Heck, I missed an orgy to go this show and I don't feel like I missed much of anything. So it must've been good... or maybe I'm just an uptight fuck and I'd rather sit through any masturbatory barrage of noise than roll around naked with a couple of drunk girls from Florida.

Back on the D.I.Y. track, a volunteer run, donation built record store called **Reconstruction** records (216 E. 6th St. NY NY 10003; 212-505-0965) I proclaim the place to feel most comfortable in on Manhattan Island. Rare records, cheap records, Demos, Demos, Demos, and Fanzines, FANzines, FANZINES. If you do, or are in, something, send it, they'll do something with it. Which reminds me, *Factsheet #5* still happens once every two months or so. For demotapes, comics, and poetry send submissions to Bill Paulauskas Box 10, Woodhaven NY 11421. For fanzines and subversive pamphlets... I forget, but I'm sure you can write to Bill and ask him. For those of you who don't know what *Factsheet #5* is, it is the most comprehensive catalogue of mail order shit (ie. indie music, fanzines, and related junk) in North America....Nuff said. Here are some reviews of some cool and/or just plain memorable shit lying around the grande pomme. (All list prices are American).

Teen Punks in Heat ($4.50) Shred of Dignity, P.O.Box 170501, San Francisco, CA 94117. *Teen Punks* is a collaborative of various scenester–types mister and masterbation stories. Of course they all have that crazy, cynical punk rawk edge to them, so don't expect to actually get wet. This zine comes with a Screeching Weasel 7", "Pervo Devo," which has a remake of Weasel Classic, "I Wanna Be A Homosexual." Probably thee best catchy punk song I've ever heard. There's also a "write in" section. If you want to have something published in the next T.P.I.H. fill out a card like so:

SEX: Female
FAVOURITE POSITION: Mutual Missionary Masturbation
SEXUAL FANTASY: To be eaten out by a white guy with dreadlocks on the pelts of many endangered animals in front of my mother.

Of course that's just mine, but you get the idea, and you can be assured that Ben Weasel will publish your fantasy (he appreciates photos too).

Grumble Butt (SASE) Fuck Bunni Press 2622 Princeton Rd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44118– this guy is unbelievably full of shit, but his binder sized 'zine is free with postage and a very good read. This one comes down on straightedge and shows the masses that even a geek from Cleveland can write like Burroughs.

Rantex ($1+ SASE) 9502 165th St., Miami, Fl 33157: More unique wit from fanzine ranter extraordinaire, Paul Wienman (79 Cottage Ave Albany NY 12203). Bile–rising newspaper clippings, esoteric comics, and voodoo/cop heavy layout graphics.

Dear Jesus ($3 plus postage) Vermiform P.O. Box 1145, Cooper stn NYC 10276: MRR columnist, Born Against Lead, and Vermiform record label collaborator, Sam McPheeters, knock the corn out of shit on a variety of topics from the reunification of Germany to the Nation of Ulysses' Historical timeline. Opinions even you average *Discorder* reader would balk at talking back to. Perhaps that has something to do with the letters section being titled "Dumbo Hut" as opposed to our flattering "Airhead." Recommended by none other than Matador Jersey City Slag-King, Gerard Cosloy.

Murder Can Be Fun (1.50 + SASE) Johnny Marr, Box 640111 San Francisco, CA 94109: I swear this guy spends all his time going to used bookstores and reading pamphlets people give him. The research makes for still more cynical wit and a variety of meaty topics to be gloriously disenchanted with. Pop research. My two favourites were "(Anti) Sex Tips for Teens," where Marr reviews early 'personal message' books from the 40s, 50s and 60s, and "Death at Disneyland," with photographs and a well written history of the ride mishaps and fatalities.

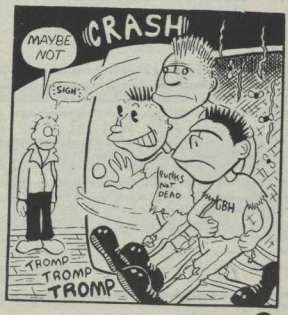
Hot Poop ($2.50) 224 Whispering Hills Rd. South Plainfield, NJ 07080: Very HOT swimsuit issue. Fairly upbeat interviews of NY Shitcore bands...I dunno, the dullards' *Dear Jesus* if you will.

Retrieval Inc. ($2.50) P.O.Box 361, Ocean City, NJ 08226: A subverts must! Brainchild of 'Seymour Butz', a detailed how-to glossary of profitable and necessary crimes from shoplifting to mailfraud.

Plumbers Butt ($3.00) Gameau Hall Rm 327, Kalamazoo, Mi 49008-1034: Hygiene tips from a schizophrenic, lots of high comedy in the BOMP! tradition. I loved it soooo much! I wanna see it TWO more times!

Slug and Lettuce (SASE) P.O. Box 2067, Peter Stuy STN NY, NY, 10009: Classifieds for free (if they're short and to the point); comprehensive NY guide to fanzines, band news and wanted members, personals, penpals, and demo reviews. D.I.Y. periodical that should be looked into for/by anyone interested in setting up here for whatever reason.

EVERYTHING'S DUCKY



SUBTEXT

SECRETS ENTRUSTED TO A FEW

BY JUDITH BEEMAN

Ladies and Gentlemen, I cannot go another month without mentioning a personal fave of "Subtext" and neglected Canadian author: **Crad Kilodney**. The name doesn't ring a bell? Read on...

Crad has lived in Ontario since the early 70's. Last year he self-published his 30th book ***Putrid Scum*** (based on his diaries, 79-81). Since 1978 his sole income has come from selling his words on the streets of Toronto. Usually his imprint books cost around 4 dollars (signed, of course). Not a bad investment: Crad notes that a T.O. bookseller had priced his first release, ***World Under Anaesthesia*** (79) at a whopping $160. It's just finding a buyer that's the problem...

Aside from the two diaries (the first was simply titled ***Excrement***) Crad specializes in the short story. Wonderfully written, easy to read—but not simple—his tales focus on observations (real and imagined) of his own life and those around him. Imagine a more sexually-frustrated Harvey Pekar if you will.

Crad has 12 sandwich-board-type signs he wears around his neck to promote his books, including: Rotten Canadian Literature, Easy books for imbeciles, Books for effite snobs, Books for swine, Abnormal bedtime stories, Literature for mindless blobs, Dull stories for average Canadian twits and Nice books for Zombies.

Crad's phone number was included in his **"*I Ate Mrs. Ewing's Raw Guts and Other Stories*"** book which, alas, like many of his titles, is out of print. Last Fall, shortly after I found the book in a second hand shop (score!) I got up the nerve to call Crad and he was really nice! Gracious and pleased to hear from a fan. When we spoke he had sold only 4 books after standing on the street all day. He made $24 for his time (3 @ 4$, 1 @ 12$). I told Crad I was doing this writeup and he encouraged me to print his # (and remember the telephone is *not* a toy) 416-924-5670 "crank calls, romantic proposals and big business deals are welcome". Or write directly through his press: Charnel House 1712 Avenue Road, PO Box 54541, North York, Ontario M5M 4N5 (I'crissakes tell him I sent ya).

Two of his books: ***Girl on the Subway***, and ***Malignant Humours*** (which boasts a snazzy pic of Crad on the cover) were published by Black Moss Press and can be special ordered so ask the bookstore of your choice to stock them.

The stories: Humour prevails although it's as dry as can be. At times the words are bitter and petulant. At times they border on the misanthropic. At times the writing is so touching it's made me cry. So brutally honestly humane...and nasty.

From ***"Waiting for Halley's Comet"***:

A teenage dropout is waiting to hear from Johnny Cash. He sent Johnny his 'new hit song,' *Yunga Bunga Doo Doo Boy*

A housewife is waiting for her husband to leave the house.

Beverly is waiting for Ted in the Holiday Inn.

Two men in a black Mustang are waiting for a security guard to go for coffee.

Twenty-three junior executives within a 100-yard radius are waiting for authorization.

An unemployed axe-grinder is waiting for gas to hit a dollar a gallon so he can fill up his van, crash through the front door of an oil company, and cause a big fire.

From the tale of ***"Henry,"*** a lonely old man who sells tracts on the street: Despite his medication, Henry does not fall asleep until very late at night. And every Tuesday and Friday morning around 7:30, when the garbage men come by, he hears them in his sleep and he dreams that they are the angels come to pick him up.

A complete list of Crad Kilodney books:

Mental Cases (78)
World Under Anaesthesia (79)
Lightning Struck My Dick (80)
Gainfully Employed in Limbo (80)
Human Secrets—Book one (81)
Human Secrets—Book two (82)
Sex Slaves of the Astro-Mutants (82)
Terminal Ward (82)
Bang Heads Here, Suffering Bastards (84)
Pork College (84)
The Orange Book (84)
The Blue Book (85)
The Green Book (85)
The Scarlet Book (85)
The Yellow Book (85)
Cathy (85)
Foul Pus From Dead Dogs (86)
Incurable Trucks & Speeding Diseases (86)
Simple Stories For Idiots (86)
Nice Stories For Canadians (88)
Malignant Humors (88)
I Chewed Mrs. Ewing's Raw Guts (88)
Excrement (88)
Blood-Sucking Monkeys From North Tonawanda (89)
Girl on the Subway (90)
Junior Brain Tumors in Action (90)
Putrid Scum (91)
(edited by C.K.)
Worst Canadian Stories (Vol. 1) (87)
Worst Canadian Stories (Vol. 2) (87)
The First Charnel House Anthology of Bad Poetry (89)

Malignant Humors

Crad Kilodney

Big give-a-way time! Write "Subtext" and I'll draw a winning name for a copy of Crad's *Bad Poetry* anthology. I gotta warn you, it's pretty awful stuff! Write me, day or night @: PO box 4636, MPO, Vancouver, BC, V6B 4A1

I LIKE *HATE*... AND I HATE EVERYTHING ELSE! (tee-hee)

Look...*Hate* is the best comic in the whole wide world (even if **Peter Bagge**—the author—sez that title belongs to ***Eighthall***). It's the ongoing saga of Buddy Bradley and his somewhat-surly, angst-filled pals who live in Seattle. That's it. Issue 8 is out now. Aside from hilarious *and* poignant stories *Hate* has contests galore (tres cool ones) and an oft-celebrity-filled letters section. *Hate* Rules!

Who's Who in *Hate*:

Buddy, 20ish, works at a second hand bookshop. He's got great hair and bad posture; an anti-hero if there ever was one. Buddy's best friend Stinky is also known as "Leonard the Love God". He's a cad.

There's Val, Buddy's girlfriend who has quite the temper and her roommate (and old-flame of Bud's), Lisa. Aside from Stinky, Buddy's other roommate is the paranoid and reclusive George Hamilton. Then there's Val's old boyfriend Phil and Buddy's rednecked Brother Butch and sister Babs who have only appeared briefly.

Another gotta-get comic from Fantagraphics is ***Real Girl*** published twice a year. Issue #3 has a tradestarked (!) blurb on the cover: The Sex Comik for all genders and orientations...by cartoonists who are good in bed! The biggest "name" here is **Alison Bechdel** (whose wonderful "Dykes to Watch Out For" can be seen for free each month in *Angles*...or for that matter purchased in book form). Other highlights include **Tom Tomorrow**'s lesson on putting on a condom; an essay on the *Psychobabology of Women's Humour* and—leading the darn thing off no less—**Colin Upton's** true story of going to *Tom's Stag*, said friend a gay man who tied the knot with (gasp) a woman. Colin's own comic *Big Thing (#4)* will be out soon so watch for it. *Real Girl* is swell! Nice artwork (except for the cover which is, uh, brightly colored), cool stories, good messages and all that stuff. I got mine in town but feel free to write *Real Girl*, PO Box 460656, San Francisco, CA 94146 care of Angela, Editrix.

Perhaps you've seen the Canadian produced ***True North 2*** comic a 72 page anthology the Comic Legends Legal Defense Fund (5334 Yonge St, #120, Willowdale, Ont. M2N 6M2) produced to combat censorship and intimidation for people in the industry. Stories by Todd McFarlane, Gilbert Hernandez and Sylvie Rancourt to name a few. Write the CLLDF for more info and the catalogue of cool gifts your donation will getcha.

Yow! It's been 50 issues (and 8 years) for ***Firehouse Magazine*** thee **KISS** Fanzine published locally. Ronn Roxburgh has produced the zine bi-monthly since he was 16. Sample issues and subscriptions (3/15yr) through Ronn @ #66 -7158 138 Street, Surrey, BC V3W 7V7. Ronn's helping organize a record release party for the latest Kiss record at the Rock Cellar on May 14th. You heard it here first...Zing! **Harlan Ellison**, Science Fiction's angry guy is coming to town for a special reading/autograph session. He'll be at the Robson Square Conference Center on Sunday, May 24th, 8 pm. Tix are 20 bucks through TicketMaster... **Michael John Thompson** is now settled in his new bookstore. He's at 311 West Cordova (near Cambie) and has an amazing selection of SF, Horror and mystery stuff...When you visit Michael's shop make sure to drop by **Colophon Books** which is just down the block (and up the stairs) at 407 W. Cordova.

PEOPLE ARE READING

Hey all you Girly-Girls and Fanboys...ever wonder what people are reading? I do. **Peter Bagge** subtext's fave comix guy who lives in Seattle with his wife and small child—so ladies he's "taken", enjoy the art and THAT'S ALL--took the time to write and tell "Subtext."

Peter Bagge's Top Ten Comics

1. ***Dirty Plotte***: By a young Montreal native named **Julie Doucet**. Julie's artwork is both cute and gross at the same time, while her self portrayal in her autobiographical stories is of a liberated woman/degenerate slut. Clearly this book is a study in opposites!

2. ***Eighthall***: By **Dan Clowes**. The best comic in the **world** right now. I need not say more.

3. ***Love & Rockets***: Romantic, quirky, melodramatic, realistic, surreal, dense, idiosyncratic, unique, one-of-a-kind artistic visions from **Gilbert** and **Jaime Hernandez**.

4. ***Peep Show***: A brand new title by Toronto resident **Joe Matt**. Woody Allen/R. Crumb inspired slice-o-life tales of women troubles and other forms of neurotic behavior. This guy's got problems!

5. ***Real Stuff***: True-Lifes tales written by **Dennis Eichhorn**, a "man with a past," and illustrated by a variety of talented artists. Told in a no-nonsense, Hemingwayesque style. Very entertaining.

6. ***Slut Burger***: Yet **another** collection of autobiographical stories (as is the case w/**all** great writing) by **Mary Fleener**, a "woman with a past." Vancouver-born Fleener works in a semi-cubist style that is very effective & appealing.

7. ***Steven***: An annual collection of the weekly comic strip by **Doug Allen**. Surreal, nihilistic and laugh-out-loud funny.

8. ***Unsupervised Existance***: **Terry Laban** just discontinued this first-rate title about politicaly-correct-yet-socially-inept bohemians, but plans to start a new and improved comic entitled *Cud*. Look for it! I **guarantee** that it will be **great**!

9. ***Yahoo***: Barely coming out once a year, this catch-all comic by **Joe Sacco** improves by leaps and bounds with each issue. Globe-trotting Sacco (who is currently living in the West-Bank in Palestine!) manages to combine world-wide historical events with his own pathetic personal problems with devestating effect.

10. ***Yummy Fur***: The long-running title by the greatest artist in Canadian history, **Chester Brown**. Please don't tell me you've never heard of it.

P.S. You may have noticed a lot of Canadian artists listed above are Canadian. **How ironic**, considering that Canada's new "anti-pornography" laws are making it next to impossible for you to buy these master works of art, let alone the "illicit contraband" imported from the U.S. Do something about this, will you? Vote the fascists out! Words and Pictures DO NOT CAUSE "crimes"! (Meanwhile, we've got our own little Hitlers to contend with down here...)

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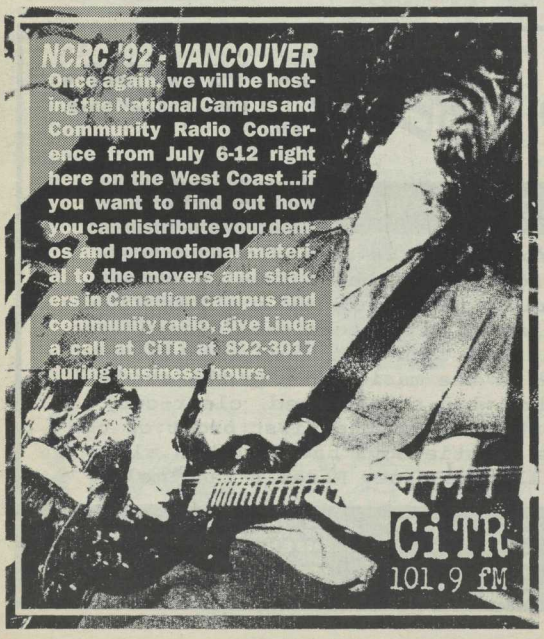

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HELEN'S KITCHEN

April has been darn exciting. On the 14th *Heimlich Manoeuvre* Mindy came on my show: we made Lemon Meringue Pie with matzoh meal and she read *The Magician*, a Passover story. The week before, Nardwuar the Human Serviette and I worked miracles with Dr. Zed's Magic Hot Snow Dogs a.k.a. Putting Ice Cream in the Oven. Egg beaters were the instrument of choice this month. Suggested soundtracks: The Flying Bulgar Klezmer Band and Toronto's Snow Dogs.

To make six Dr. Zed's Magic Hot Snow Dogs you'll need:

2 eggs at room temperature
3 small jelly rolls cut in half the long way (Nardwuar and I substituted 1/2 large chocolate log) and your favourite ice cream

Making the Snow Blankets:
1. Preheat the oven to 500 F (250 C).
2. Separate the eggs.
3. Beat the whites till they make soft peaks.
4. Add the sugar a little at a time, continuing to beat until the mixture becomes very stiff and shiny (about five minutes). (I recommend using about half the sugar 'cause even though Nardwuar was pretty polite I thought it was really too sweet.)

Making your Hot Snow Dogs:
1. Put the six halved jelly rolls (flat side up) on an ungreased baking tray and put a slice of ice cream on top of each roll.
2. Spread the egg-white blanket to a depth of 4 cm (we only did 2 cm) over the top and sides of the rolls and ice cream. N.B. THERE MUST BE NO ICE CREAM SHOWING.
3. Pop the tray into the oven for 3-5 minutes until the snow dogs are lightly browned on top. Eat them as soon as they come out of the oven!
(OWL Magazine recipe)

The Magician by Uri Shulevitz
Illustration by I.L. Peretz, 1973

Mindy: "I think I'm going to have to move, Helen, because I'm burning my knees."

Nardwuar (plaintively):"Are we going to have to do the dishes when we finish, Helen G.?"

As we go to press, Kerry K. and I are still s***ting the delicious Ukrainian Cabbage Rolls we made for Orthodox Easter. Check my "On the Dial" listing for more amazing radio recipes in May.
See you in the kitchen!

Dialing for Celebrities

"I can't right now, gotta go. Maybe next week or something?"

With that my interview ended in a dial tone. My double *Damned Black Album* came to an end and I realized my deadline would not be met, not that it really matters but it sounds dramatic. Then it struck me, dialing for celebrities. Who would be my first...hmmmm... Aaaah, Dave Vanian! Ya, okay so I'm a big Damned fan but wouldn't it be swanky to get an interview?!

I gave the old BC Tel operator a call and she kindly patched me through to London's information operator to whom I inquired about the number of Dave Vanian. I ended up with eight numbers and began calling. Well, for all you kids out there planning on calling Marky Mark, or your favourite Sub Pop character, or even Burl Ives, please get your parents' permission before dialing, I don't want irate parents throwing phone bills at me.

So, I started dialing. I was told to get lost (in much nastier words), an elderly lady informed me he had passed away (oops), and some were nice and reminded me that there is a time difference between England and the "continent." I was down to my last number and I had to get an interview... and I did. With David Vanian, plumber...

Excubus: So you're not Dave Vanian lead singer of the Damned?
David: Nope. Who is he?
Lead singer of the Damned, you know that punk rock band.
Oh like The Clash or something.
Ya kinda, I guess you aren't him huh?
No, I'm a plumber.
Cool.
Don't you feel stupid calling up people you don't know. It seems like a bit of a waste of time.
Thanks Dave.
Oh, okay bye.

So it wasn't Dave Vanian of the Damned but next time I'll get a real celebrity, or one of the Vasectemoids. Hey, there are 2 David Cassidys in the Vancouver phone book, you don't think...?

Til next time, you run to the store I need a cigarette.

Excubus Manslaughter

NORTHERN RAGE

Scooter did it!

It seems like only yesterday—actually it was 1985—when I got caught up in this, then virtually brand new, sport of snowboarding. The hill was Lake Louise and I was fortunate enough to be an employee in that said area, so boarding during each and every free minute wasn't unusual and was more a way of life for the habitants of the ski resort area. In the way that it is routine for your 9 to 5 workers to get out of bed, commute, do the corporate grind and then go home to a wife and 2.3 kids, it was routine for us "outcasts" of the mountain to get out of bed, hike into some deep back-country, do the anti-corporate shred and then go home to a strong Spanish coffee and bed. Thankfully, things haven't changed that much.

That same year I picked up a skateboard and applied the adrenalin rush of snowboarding to a dryland workout: skateboarding. The feeling of control and rebellion were 10X that of snowboarding, in a different magnitude, and still are to this day. Popping frontside ollies off a cheaply made quarter-pipe with metal copings for the first time is something I'll always remember (nobody wants to remember the first time they slammed). In comparison to today's finely crafted, 28" concave masterpieces, the skateboards of yesteryear—a 6"x18" slab of polyurethane with rubber wheels—were but crude and primitive tools to help mold the sport for future greatness.

Fortunately, for all of us snowboarding, like skateboarding, has evolved a long way from the days when all snowboarders were required to take an onhill test proving they could manipulate their board. Only then were we given a plastic photo ID (a passport for us supposed foreigners to the hill), sent on our way, and told to forsee all rights to the skiers of the hill. Then again, maybe it hasn't evolved that much. Snowboarders and skateboarders are still perceived as outlaws, however, mostly by the skiing community who feel that we're raping them of their mountains, or the ill-informed parent who fear their children being drawn into these sports promoting chemical abuse and anarchy. C'est la vie. The equipment, through stronger craftsmanship, has lightened and become less constrictive allowing snowboarders/skateboarders to conquer terrain that was once unimaginable.

Well, that terrain that was once unimaginable has now also been shredded by the creative genius of Kevin McBride and Marcus Rogers at Cinestir Productions. *Northern Rage* is their finished product and it, gratifyingly, carries the title of being the first video to successfully hybrid the skateboarding/snowboarding craze, and the first to attempt this seemingly obvious and compliant task. With the two sports undoubtedly influencing each other—although more than a few choose to deny it—the groundwork for the video had already been laid thanks to the way the two have risen in the public eye (whether from good or bad press, who knows). Cinestir's idea, and role, now was to coagulate skateboarding and snowboarding in an ordained marriage...that marriage being *Northern Rage*.

An easy task?...somewhat. Kevin And Marcus are both veterans to the film-making circuit—dating back to their merger in film school—and have done some prestigious work in the past, so the *Northern Rage* project was a logical and welcome inevitability. (Most notably, their works have included videos for Slow's "Have Not Been The Same," Tankhog's "Woke Up In Love This Morning," work on the *Propaganda* and *X-Rated* videos for Powell-Peralta, and a soon to come 13-year retrospective/documentary on DOA). *Northern Rage*, however, was more than a labour of love for the duo as they are both avid skaters/boarders. Consequentially, the filming of *Northern Rage* was done first hand by people who knew what they wanted, what to look for, and what to have because they participate in both sports. "It's a skateboard/snowboard movie made by and for skateboarders/snowboarders," simply states Kevin.

But that isn't all that seperates this film from the rest of the skateboard/snowboard movies. Not only did McBride and Rogers pioneer the way in splicing the two sports together as an equal influence, they refrained from any rider interviews and they made the soundtrack as primary as the footage for the video. "No interviews," says Marcus, "we thought that was really important. If you're going to watch a snowboarding movie over and over again, the first time you hear a five minute interview is the last time you want to hear it. I think interviews are a cop out to all the other producers that are doing it, it's just screen killer. Why talk about it? You can't, that's why we made a movie about it"

Not to downplay the talent and the expertise of the riders but considering their careers are based on their skills, it's more than a good idea to let their actions do the talking for them. And what a voice those riders have. Included on the 50 minute shredfest are the talents of: Plan B's Rick Howard, Danny Way, and the best amateur skater in North America, Colin McKay; Sims' Dave Achenbach, not to be outdone by brother Ken; Alex Warburton; Randy Friesen; Eric Dressen; Christian Hosoi; Omar Hassan, and Real's Sluggo. With this kind of talent it's not surprising to see first-time snowboard descents off of Wedge Mountain("That's insanity man," says Kevin.) and the Tantalus Range, or extreme action from Mt. Bachelor, Jackson Hole, Snowbird and Whistler/Blackcomb—or for that matter, the unbelievable street, ramp, and bowl riding filmed in Las Vegas and Vancouver.

Serve up a large dollop of great local talent from Tankhog, Slow, Roots Round Up, Gorilla Gorilla, Elvis Love Child, Chris Houston, and others, and the end result is the reason *Northern Rage* was dubbed the "film so rad and bad no one would sponsor it." This title is only partially true because although there are quite a few sponsors for the *Northern Rage* project, there is not an exclusive sponsor, and only a handful were with the project from the inception like Petersen Productions, Chromaphobia, *Concrete Powder* Magazine and Westbeach. Basically, the Cinestir boys had to prove themselves before anybody would take the lure. "We had to shoot a lot of stuff at the beginning and just show everyone and say we were serious about this," says Kevin.

Rogers and McBride left no doubt that, indeed, they were serious about this project, taking only a year from inception to completion of the video and, all the while, putting their own snowboarding hobbies on the back burner. "It's not too good on your snowboarding, having to carry around gear all the time. I had my worst season ever," states Kevin.

"We thought it would be a gas," adds Marcus. "We'd do one run all day. I'd take the gondola up to the top of Whistler and climb an ice field, all before breakfast, and get to the top just dying...9500 feet with a pack of Camels in you and 50 pounds of camera gear, skiis, and poles on your back isn't fun."

But, finally, the hard work is done and thanks to the assistance of Petersen Productions and Crazyman, their graphic artist, everybody can rest for awhile. However, their definition of rest seems to be alot different from the traditional meaning. Most of their time is now gobbled up by shopping the *Northern Rage* video around to distributors, fulfilling all the mail-order requests, and entering the video in different film festivals. Just recently *Northern Rage* garnered some fairly impressive response at the Action Sports Convention in San Diego, the Action Film Festival in Japan, and the 7th International Winter Sports Film Festival! So, it is safe to say that the bills are getting paid, what with the video going worl wide and major distribution deals looming on the horizon. And while Cinestir Productions does all the behind the scenes stuff now, fans can look forward to a follow-up to the *Northern Rage* video to come in the not-so-far-off future.

"Yeah, there's talk about a sequel, *Southern Rage*, down in South America. It would probably be surfing, snowboarding in the Andes, and whatever kind of skateboarding we could pick up on down in South America. We might start that process again in a year," enthusiastically states Marcus.

So, those of us who have been stoked on *Northern Rage* so far will just have to remain so for a bit longer; shouldn't be a problem. It's just nice to know that with so many internal problems facing the future of skateboarding/snowboarding somebody has taken on the task of removing the blemishing stigma. Hopefully, *Northern Rage* can bring the two sports to an integrated harmony and at the same time open a few of the closed minds out there. Like Marcus says, "It really ended up spelling out the closeness and the relationship between the two sports." See for yourself; order *Northern Rage* by phone at 1-800-665-6920.

NON-STOP SKATEBOARD/SNOWBOARD ACTION

From my stereo, great slabs of sound make their way out of my apartment, forging beyond that which is considered my place. They seep through windows, cracks in doors, copper pipes, any space of least resistance where they hope to flourish in the openness. The bits, unable to properly stretch out, reverberate off my walls and clamour about my kitchen sink, generally doing nothing to im-

STEVE WELLS

THE WEDDING PRESENT

prove my status as a tenant. Fuck roomates and respect for their space, this is the god damned WEDDING PRESENT: masters of subtlety and noise at the very same time...volume is essential. Do you make an omelette without the eggs?

At the best of times, on songs like "Dare", "Lovenest", and "Fleshworld", something that can only be described as a vibrating chunk of feedback elevating the songs to a rarely visited, often sought-after, precipice where the listener will stand tempered with equal portions of reluctance and lure, above the divine pit of music, tempting fate. Wash in the familiar waters of The Wedding Present, smear mud on your skin, tangle in kelp, and beware of *Seamonsters*!

David Gedge, singer/guitarist for the band, spoke with me from the Aristocrat Hotel in Dallas, Texas, mid-stride through their current tour.

After several years of success in Britain does the prospect of winning fans in America inspire you or is it just a road that has to be travelled down?

In some ways it is more exciting to come and play, not particularly because it is like starting from the bottom again, but because we can actually play small venues. In Britain we have to play these 3000 capacity places, like barns! These are not exciting places to see a group because the sound is always poor and it is quite a cold atmosphere. It is really good over here, better for everyone really, it's more intimate and you can talk to people as well.

The domestic release on *Seamonsters* was something like nine months after the British release of the record, are you beginning to find it tiresome talking about a record for so long?

It would be weird, but actually I'm quite proud of that record so it doesn't bother me too much. It would be different if it was one of the other records which I am not as proud of like *George Best*, which I don't particularly like anymore. But *Seamonsters* is still a good record and it means a lot to me, so I'm still quite happy to talk about it. I'm just sorry RCA didn't release it at the same time everywhere else around the world. A lot of fans in North America had to pay extra for the import if they wanted it right then.

So what is it that determines when the record is going to appear domestically? Surely, based on the success the record had in England you would think that they might have pushed it a little better.

Yeah... it's some chap in an office at the top of the RCA building. Even from an outsiders view it seems like a stupid position because I think something like 30 or 40 thousand records came in on import anyway. They could have sold them, and probably more because they would've been cheaper and made quite a bit of money but there you go. I mean, it's a recession and all so maybe they couldn't afford to put it out, or something.

While looking through many articles written about The Wedding Present in some of the British magazines I got the feeling that you try not to think too much about writing music for your fans. You basically do your own thing and if, in the end, it is appreciated then that is just a bonus. Are you able to block out the press, particularly the fickle British kind, and not be affected by what they say?

Well, I'd be a liar if I said that I didn't take some of it to heart because, obviously, I think the group is one of the most important things in my life and if people start criticizing it I always think of them as criticizing me as a person. I know I shouldn't really feel that, but obviously I do. It's kinda like this voice in the back of my head saying I'm being completely stupid because one week's music paper is the next week's fast-food wrapping paper.

How have the press in Britain been treating you lately? They can be hot and cold can't they?

It's mainly cold to bands that have been going for a couple of years. What usually happens is like a historic process, for the first couple of years you are hip and trendy and new, and no matter what you do people love it. It is happening now to bands like Ride and Lush who have been darlings of the press for the first couple of years.

In North America I can see audiences turning onto you as a way to get away from the ever present "British Dance Band." You stayed away from that scene, or in fact were never even part of it. Can you see that happening?

We have always followed our instincts really. It is quite weird really when all those bands were suddenly acquiring these funky dance beats and we were off to America to record with Steve Albini, which is about the furthest you can get away from a funky dance beat, really. It was purely by chance because we had all been really big fans of his work, it just happened. In 1987 we fit into the scene because *George Best* was very "of the moment" but since then we have stayed clear of all of that.

Have you made a return visit to *TOP of the POPS*?

We have actually made 4 or 5 appearances.

The one I was referring to was your record for the fastest falling number one.

They always do. Our fans are quite nice in that they go out in the first few days and buy all the records, so it goes into the charts fairly high up.

But then everyone has got them so it plummets usually. It is quite funny in a way. It is a weird program because it is THE British pop program and all around the world people have heard of it, even your mom and dad can tune in. I think it is nice for a band like Wedding Present to be on there. Everyone is sort of like Kylie Minogue and Jason Donovan so it is great that a group doing something a little bit left of centre can get in there.

***Seamonsters* is such a great sounding record, some of this has to do with Steve Albini but a lot of credit is due to you guys as well. The drums sound so huge and crisp and the guitars are natural and unleashed in a way. What sort of ideas did you guys run through before going in to make this record?**

I think the main idea is that it sounds pretentious to say this now but it is just very real: a normal group, with normal equipment, going into a big room, getting really good sounds on the amplifiers and playing live, really. We've, in some ways, always shied away from studio gadgetry and laying down loads of tracks, and spending days and days trying to perfect a guitar part. It is mainly the atmosphere you get when four guys play live together, and of course Albini is really up for that, so it went easily, it only took twelve days.

You have had a line up change since you were last in Canada, can you speak about why Peter left?

Was it a big story or did he just feel he was due for other things?

It is not a big story, I suppose it is two reasons: one is that he was never really a guitarist in the group. He was there but he never wrote his own guitar parts, I used to write them. He was a friend that we knew who could play guitar and help out when we played live until he turned into a permanent fixture. He was never really that interested in the music and he never really contributed to the group artistically, but at the same time he was very interested in Ukrainian folk music. I don't know if you have heard of the stuff...

Yeah, we just received a CD in here at the station called *The Ukrainians*.

That is Peter's new group which answers the question, really; he has formed this group called The Ukrainians... we actually played on that record.

I have always thought all the parts that make up the music in The Wedding Present were of equal worth and that no part garnered more attention than any other. Do you find that many people place too much of an emphasis on what you are saying rather than how it fits into the song?

Yes, they do. I'm afraid I probably have to agree with you, the lyrics fit in there like an extra instrument rather than these Phil Collins types with this massive voice. I think it sounds quite exciting when the voice is in there battling with the guitars and I don't think it matters if you hear every word, as long as the overall mood comes through; that is the important thing.

At the same time I don't want to downplay some of the things that you write about. Some might consider your lyrics as simple and not too adventurous but basically you are writing about some things that are pretty important to all of us, things like trust, love, relationships, communication and stuff like that.

Well, that is the idea, really. To me it is one of the most obvious things to write pop music about and I'm really surprised that more people don't do it. There is a lot of "I love you baby" type stuff, but it's not very deeply or interested in investigating some of the weird things people do in certain circumstances and the things they say.

I read an article on the Wedding Present and it had a quote of yours that was taken from a party in which you said that you could have written a whole side to an album based on the conversations you were overhearing.

Yeah, it is weird because I have written 50 or 60 songs now and people think that is some tortuous and expansive series of affairs. Actually, a lot of my songs are basically one conversation or half a conversation, or sometimes it is like the same conversation from different angles and from different points of view. I am very fond of analyzing small bits, I suppose.

The press has been very favourable for *Seamonsters* and words like caterwauling, hypnotic, and cathartic are being thrown around. Are you pleased the way the record has been accepted by people?

I don't really care to be honest with you. Steve, to me the album is successful if I like it and if the rest of the band likes it. If people think it is great, fine, I am really pleased, and if they don't that's alright. People expect groups want to be the biggest group in the world and everyone should love them but I think that that could be one of the worst things to happen to me. (laughs)

As a package *Seamonsters* is a relatively simple record. There is really just the song titles and little else, there seems to be an effort to achieve some sort of anonymity or at least stress the music rather than the liner notes.

I think so; I'll always be more concerned that the music speak on behalf of the group rather than some flashy, scantily clad women on the cover. Our friend that does the artwork for the records is very fond of minimalist graphics and things, so it fits in with our group quite well, really.

Are you still putting together your newsletter?

It is a shame that we actually stopped doing that because that was a regular thing in Britain. When we came to North America we did one especially for that tour and offended a lot of (uptight) people because it said America instead of North America. To answer your question, it got a bit time consuming. It was as though I was writing that more than I was writing songs, but we haven't done it for a while now.

1992 is going to be a good year. You guys have a 7 inch a month due to come out. What spawned that idea?

It seemed like an interesting and adventurous project. We have done three LPs now and we thought rather than start work on LP no. 4 we would just hold on; just a year of knocking out these 7 inch singles.

Do we here in Vancouver stand any chance at getting copies of these 7 inch releases or are we best to wait for the compilation release on First Warning?

I think the compilation will be the best bet because the singles might be tricky to get, but if people desperately want the 7 inch singles I am not adverse to sending them over from England if they write to us.

In your first four singles you have covered the Go-Betweens and Neil Young, can you disclose any info on upcoming releases?

We have done the theme from *Twin Peaks* for the fourth one and that went quite well. Also, with Jimmy Miller, we did the theme from *Shaft* by Issac Hayes; that once again was quite a change.

Thanks a million David, and we will see you at the end of the month. All right, we will see you then, bye.

Discography
Peel Session EP (Strange Fruit) 1986
George Best LP (Reception) 1987
Ukrainski Vstupi v Johna Peela LP (Reception) 1988
Tommy LP (Reception) 1988
Why Are You Being So Reasonable Now? EP (Reception) 1988
Janice Long Evening Show EP (Strange Fruit) 1988
Kennedy EP (RCA) 1989
Bizarro LP (RCA) 1989
Brassneck LP (RCA) 1990
Cordelia EP (RCA) 1990
Seamonsters LP (RCA) 1992

DOVe

COMPACT DISCS

- **DIGITAL POODLE** 'Soul Crush' DOVeCD 88 - Tekno-core brain stompers!
- **DIGITAL POODLE** 'Work Terminal' DOVeGCD 391 - The German remix album!
- **MICHAEL PERILSTEIN** 'Elephants Gliding On Ice' DOVeCD 122 - The Residents go to the circus!
- **PRODUCERS FOR BOB** 'Bob's Media Ecology' DOVeCD 144 - Perceptual dogma for our times!
- **HYBRIDS** 'The Ritual Must Be Kept Alive Pt. 2' - Dark, ritualistic ambience & percussion!
- **PHAUSS/KARKOWSKI/BILTING** - Electro-accoustic experiments from these Swedish artists!
- **DINO OON/KONRAD KRAFT** 'Environmental Studies' - Melodic electronics produced by Pink Dots!
- **TYPE NON** 'Phantasmagoria' - Crystalline electro-kinetics like early Cabs!
- **X-101** 'Underground Resistance' - Superhard Detroit techno from ex- Final Cut noisesters!
- **SOME MORE CRIME** 'Code Opera' - Electro-body-beats from the sweatlands of Belgium!
- **RRREPORT 2** - Japanese noise compilation/magazine with Vasilisk, Hanatarash and more!
- **NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS** 'Viral Shedding'&'Cathedral' - Electro-pioneering and mind-engineering!

UPCOMING MAY / JUNE:

- **DIN** 'Fantastic Planet' DOVeCD 166 - Tekno Boogie Disko for freys!
- **SUCKING CHEST WOUND** 'God Family Country' DOVeCD188 - Classic conspiracy hip-hop!
- **HORIZON 222** 'Through The Round Window' DOVeCD 222 - Ambient U.K. trance-dance!
- **RAPOON** 'Dream Circle' DOVeCD 244 - Middle Eastern experimental Banghra beats!
- **ZOVIET FRANCE** 'Popular Soviet Songs...' DOVeCD 266 - Triple CD Box re-release!

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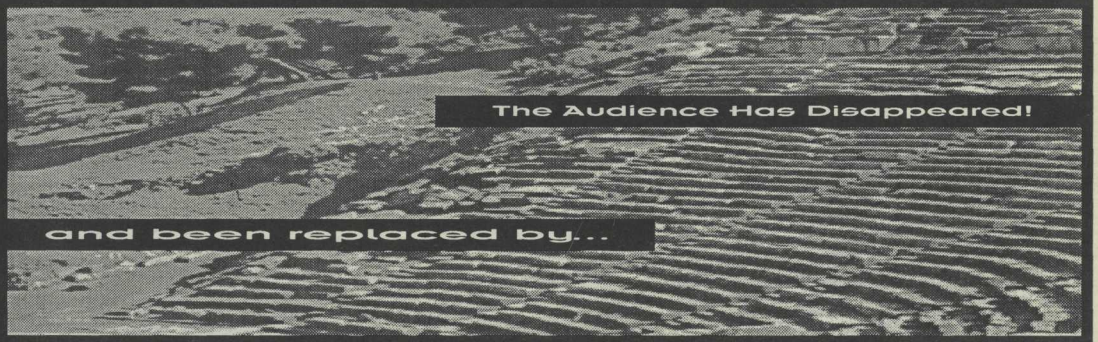

BOB's MEDIA ECOLOGY

a souvenir from a ritual-in-progress

Toronto-based project PRODUCERS FOR BOB announce the forthcoming release of "Bob's Media Ecology" (DOVe 144) on compact disc and cassette. The album is a transmutation of pop-culture sounds and the almighty spoken word, as assembled from media guru Bob Dobbs' radio broadcasts between 1988 and 1991. Bob will update your consciousness on the control which the mythic government exercises over our lives, and pre- scribes much needed antidotes to overcoming these powerful forces. This will be required listening for those who want to know how to avoid the count- down to captivity, and those preparing for future employment.

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BAD RELIGION

by Joelioela Fraser

Not too long ago I was asked if I wanted to write this article, (do the interview) I instantly jumped for joy and said "Hell yeah!" Since I was a fan of Bad Religion and knew a bit about them, well.... What never crossed my mind was the nervousness factor. I was so excited that it never really clicked that it was, infact, Bad Religion.. I mean, they've been around for 12 years, they set the standard for local punk (or otherwise, for that matter.) I quickly remembered back 12 years; I was in elementary school, and had no idea who Bad Religion were.

Well time flies as they say and not long after the inception of the band I had traded my marbles for a skateboard, and all of a sudden I was into Bad Religion. Their newest release is called *Generator*, and once again, they have outdone themselves (and everyone else). Greg's remarkable melodies continue to stand out, while the intense dual guitar sound of Brett Gurewitz and Greg Hetson, combined with the rhythm section of bassist Jay Bentley and new drummer Bobby Schayer, paint an unforgiving picture. The lyrics, as always, cannot be easily put aside without a second thought. Bad Religion is "thinking man's hardcore" and think you must when you feel the intensity of the songs' meanings. Buy this album.

My nervousness soon passed when I began chatting with bassist Jay Bentley. As I had expected he: a) is a really nice guy, b) has alot to say and isn't afraid to speak his mind, and c) is very well versed. What follows is the interview, and I hope that this will clear up any questions or thoughts anyone has about the band. I hope everyone comes out to support them the next time they meander into our fine city.

Discorder: In the past, particularly the past 2 years, I've read reviews that say Bad Religion is stuck in a rut, and he's done the same thing for 20 years, right? I think what got more people to say that, other than the fact the records sound the same, is that we're pretty prolific and we put out a record year after year. I agree the

Generator

sound was different, we have a new drummer that changed things a bit. I'm not going to say he's a better drummer than Peter but he has a wider tempo range so that allowed us to play with songs and make them mid-tempo instead of either fast or slow. It's definitely a natural progression. We've been doing this for 12 years, you have to change somehow. I guess it would be like working at McDonalds, you start making hamburgers alot faster; the longer you're there, the crispier your fries get.

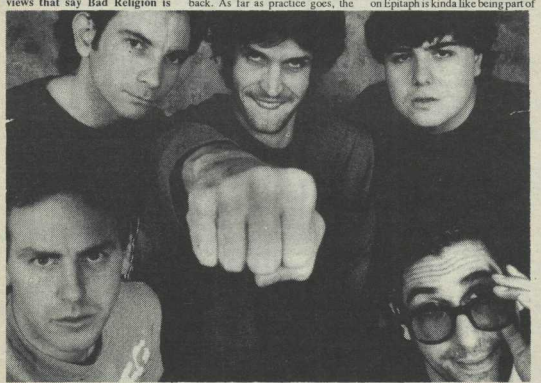
(laughter)

Greg is in New York pursuing his doctrine?

His Phd in Evolutionary Biology.

Does that make it difficult for the band?

Surprisingly, we play more shows. That's probably a direct result of the band gaining popularity but it doesn't seem to affect recording at all. He'll fly out here, we'll record a record in two weeks and have it mixed and everything, so he takes two weeks off, plays hookey, and then goes back. As far as practice goes, the band will practice without Greg, and then he'll fly out when we tour. Like, we have a show tomorrow. So today is the only day out of the whole year that we'll practice with Greg, so we'll be practicing for 10 hours which is about how many hours we normally practice in a year. So we make it all up, we squeeze it all in to one day.



stuck in a rut, it all sounds the same, and what not. *Generator* has a slightly different sound, was this a conscious effort on the band's part or a natural progression?

Jay: I didn't consider it stuck in a rut, I considered it what we do. Nobody ever said Neil Young was a club or something, you're part of that happening thing. Everyone wants to promote everybody else as equally as themseleves, whereas if you were on another label, with 30 plus bands or more, you're kind of on your own. It's nice.

Brett seems to be quite the busy producer. I've noticed that he's done Samlam, Dag Nasty, and Down By Law, to name only a few.

You could probably look on almost every independant release coming out of L.A. and his name would be on it somewhere. He just does it because that's his other job. He owns the studio, people come in, they like the sound that he's got and they say, " I wanna sound like Dag Nasty. I want to sound like this. I want this kind of guitar sound." He knows exactly what it is, so they ask for him in particular. Nowadays he doesn't have that kind of time to have his name on that many records, so he's kinda picking and choosing the bands that he thinks are worth his time, versus bands he has to

Where is the first show of the tour?

The first show is down in Tijuana, the last show is in Dusseldorf, then home. [*As you read this Bad Religion are back at their respective nests and enjoying the fruits of a well received mini-tour. Ed.*]

When's the band going on an all stops North American tour?

In June we'll go back to Europe and do 31 plus days and then in July we'll hit the States.

And head up here, hopefully.

I think that's gonna be later on in the year, to do another West Coast all the way up to Canada, because everybody seems to like the winter time in Canada.

So it's you and Brett that work at Epitaph? What exactly do you guys do there (as part owners)?

I think the proper question would be, what don't we do there? There's five full time employees so we basically all have our hands on everything.

All the bands at Epitaph are friends, is it like a brotherhood thing?

Yeah, we have nine bands on the label and it is kind of a family thing: you come in, you help the bands, you get shows for everybody, you play shows with the other bands, one band promotes another band. Because we have so few bands it's easy for all the bands to know each other. So, being on Epitaph is kinda like being part of a struggle with to make sound better.

How did Bobby Schayer (new drummer) join the band?

Peter left to join another band, called the Fisherman, and at the time it wasn't a real issue. It was okay because we don't tour 9 months out of the year so we ribbed him about it but the band got signed to a major label. In the process of signing the contract, Peter noticed a clause that said none of the members of the band could play with any other bands. So, now he had a choice to make: he could either sign onto a major with this band the Fisherman, or he could not sign, basically quit the Fisherman, and stay with us. He chose the Fisherman.

So he didn't leave on a sour note?

No, not at all. In a way it was a shock because we'd played with him for 10 years, so it was kinda hard to lose a friend. Its not like I lost a friendship but when you spend that much time with somebody, you get used to their face and used to them being out on the road with you. When he left we had drummer try-outs and 2 drummers showed up. Bobby was the second drummer and he knew all our songs, so we didn't have to teach him anything. It was unbelievable! He got up on his drums and said "What song do you want to play?" And we're kinda being smug, and say "Well, what songs do you know?" and he said "All of them." We said "Alright, let's play a song from 1982, off the *How Could Hell Be Any Worse* album." He's all "Which one?" "Um, 'In The Night'". And he's like "Okay." And he played it, we're like "No way!"

With some bands you can just listen to an album, brush it off without thinking. Bad Religion is more like "thinking man's hardcore" because the lyrics have a helluva lot of relevance, and alot of meaning and emotion in them. Does that come from Greg's educational background?

He and Brett both do that (write lyrics) and I think it's an unconcious effort, that's the way they are. They like to explain things in ways that explain it precisely, they're not really vague when they want to tell you something. Brett says, "I like to give somebody options as to what I'm saying." Different interpretations are to different people. Greg's the same way. Alot of his schooling in Evolutionary Biology involves geology studies, he's a well versed person in terms of what's happening with the planet, and I think that angers him.

This is truly evident in Greg's lyrics. Case in point: "Modern Man" off 1990's *Against The Grain*: I've got this one problem: will I live forever? I've got just a short time to see/ modern man/ evolutionary betrayer/ modern man/ eco-system destroyer/ modern man/ destroy yourself in shame/ modern man/ pathetic example of earth's organic heritage/ when I look back and think/ when I ponder and ask "why?"/ I see my ancestors saved with careless abandon, assuming eternal supply/ modern man.../ just a sample of carbon based wastage/ just a fucking tragic epic of you and I...

"In some instances you can just listen to it, just for the listening pleasure. On another hand, if you're kinda thinking about it, it brings you deeper into it, I know it does for me. I always end up asking, 'Greg, what does that mean?' I have the benefit of getting the direct interpretation."

The chat returned to Pegboys open challenge (in *Thrasher*) to play hockey against Bad Religion, and U.S. fanzines such as *Flipside* and *Maximum R&R*, both of whom do not eagerly support the band because they've grown "too big." Jay had this to say about the whole "punker thanthou" scene.

"I think that the idea is, in order to be 'more alternative than...' you have to like a band that no one has ever heard of. That's your way of being better than your peers, by saying 'I don't like them anymore, I like this band that nobody's heard of. They're MINE, I'm the only one who knows about them.' It gets frustrating because you don't want to lose your friends and sometimes you get an attitude that doesn't make any sense. I don't think about it because I have more important things to think about than what somebody thinks about me."

Talk then turned to Washington's passing of Bill 2554, which enables the government to control what kids under 18 can buy at a record store. "Censorship is a giant issue, because, on one hand, you don't ever want to have it threatening your direct activities. On the other hand, if there was no censorship at all, you would have a lot of crap: a lot of things that don,t need to be seen or heard, or objected upon people. I'm one of the people that believes if you don't like what's on TV, turn the channel and don't complain about it. If you don't like the record, take the needle off and sell it or throw it away. I have a son now, and if he's eight years old watching television, he might not have that mentality to turn the channel. He might feel he has to watch or listen to this because that's what's on. I think that's good that somebody's watching, I just wish it was someone with a little more common sense."

We then stray to more idle talk in which Jay tells me that they once played infront of 40,000 (yes, FORTY THOUSAND) just at a festival in Germany, and confides that he "couldn't even look up," out of fear. He also mentioned that there has been a lot of Elvis Costello, Kate Bush, and even (that good ol' Vancouver comp) *The Last Call* receiving attention on his CD player lately. When talk turns to touring stories, Jay concurs: "We don't party, no backstage hoo-haws, it's (touring) just something we like to do. Honestly, when we're in the van, we play chess! The craziest things happen onstage, and it's usually the fans getting carried away, and we look at that and go 'Wow, that was amazing!' We're pretty mellow people."

Jay then discussed how the band met and began in high school, then started Epitaph out of the fear of being shot down by other record labels. Obviously, Epitaph has grown and Jay says that the past two years have been the most successful. As the conversation winds down, Jay has an idea for an experiment to try at a certain club with a spring-loaded dance floor (the band may be booked there when they come around) "We'll try to get as many people as we can up on stage to jump on one corner of the dance floor. Then have you standing on the other corner to see if you can get shot up in the air. I think we could do it! (laughter)

Well, I'm up for anything, and that ended my conversation with Jay. I can easily conclude that I will be looking forward to seeing their ultra-tight live show later this year (I may be airborn if our little experiment works out). I hope I have helped to shed some light on the topic of Bad Religion, and if you don't have *Generator*, what the hell is wrong with you?

7

BY GRANT LAWRENCE

Howdy kids. Hope you all had as good an Easter as I did. I sure came upon a lot of seven inches! I've got so many to review this month I'm gonna dive straight in. My only message this month is screw MusicWest. What is the point of the thing? In my eyes it's a corporate sham of the worst degree. Old guys in suits who used to be into rock and roll and now only have the means to exploit independent rock and roll for $$$$$$. [*Whoa, big fellow. Here, have some Ritalin! Ed.*] Fuck 'em. If you're in a band you do not need to play a MusicWest show. Stick to your own guns, play your own shows your way, D.I.Y., and DON'T be a corporate whore. NOW I'm gonna dive straight in...

Final Notice Records, run by one of the Kings of D.I.Y. philosophy, Kim Kinakin, (also founder of the Gest Quest Co-op gigs and member of Sparkmarker), has just released a third vinyl outing by a group called **Phleg Camp**. These guys hail from Toronto, interestingly enough, and are certainly very much punk rock in a DC-core type o'way. To me they sound a bit like Fugazi (in a good way), just a bit lighter (in a good way). "Beaker" is a great song.

Next up on the hit parade is a couple of new releases from Seattle. The first is a hilarious package from the eMpTy camp. It's a split "Kung Fu" single between **Mudhoney** and **Gas Huffer**. The sleeve is hysterical, featuring Mudhoney and the Huffer suited up in Kung Fu apparel ready to duel. On the inside sleeve we are treated to a live action shot of the two groups duking it out! Tom Price: master of facial expression. And the songs are good too! Gas Huffer chop into a tune entitled "Knife Manual" that kicks; a wild rocker one can frug or scissor-kick to, with a great numbchuckin' guitar solo. Mudhoney's "You Stupid Asshole" is good but it lacks the real punch that Mudhoney is good for. Something's missing....It's sounds to me like Mudhoney got their asses Huffed in this battle of the groups.

The other comes from a Seattle group who isn't gonna get Huffed by anyone for a while...they are **Flop** and they rock. Their new single (Dashboard Hula Girl Records) is an awesome slab of power-pop rockin' from the A–side, "Drugs," to the B–side, a revved version of the Sweet's "Action." I've heard lots of bands cover this tune (Tankhog, Dirt) but this rendition beats 'em hands down. And hey, Flop just got signed to Frontier so look for the long-player sooner than not!

There are several new singles on the amazing Homestead label of New York that I'd like you to hear, the first by **Unrest**, entitled "Bavarian Mods and Other Hits." I suppose it's an EP but, whoa momma, it's strange. The great, jangley, 70's pop-style "Bavarian Mods," is an instant smash after which you get five minutes of silence. Then this harmonious, symphonic stuff called "Nova Scotia" comes on and lasts about 30 secs. Flip it over and you've got a dreamy rock anthem entitled "God Gave Rock and Roll to You III" [*This wouldn't be the Kiss anthem, would it? Ed.*] A great single and a sure-fire collector's item.

Also on Homestead this month is the way-cool **Bratmobile**. What a Now single! Dished up are three stripped down, simplistic and rockin' hits from three stylistic mod chicks of tomorrow. Yet another example of the Olympia–Washington–D.C. thing, as two band members live in Oly and one in DC.

And while on Olympia and DC, two other singles from both those lands. The biggest treat this month has got to be the new **Beat Happening** single (Bi Joopiter Records of England): two really groovy new Beat Happening songs "Sea Hunt," a beautiful punk rock love song, and "Knock On Any Door," the perfect B–side. The cover of this British made single is a hand-painted wood cut that looks amazing. Beat Happening are round in a square world which is why they roll, and you don't.

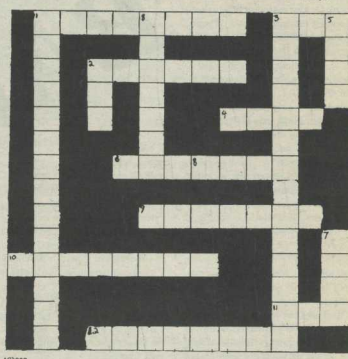
From DC, **Nation of Ulysses** have released a follow up to their outstanding debut LP *13 Point Program to Destroy America*. This single, also on the Dischord label, unfortunately lacks the rampaging power *13 Points* boasted so strongly. The intensity of the music is still burning, it's the actual songs that lack. Maybe it's just that I'm not really into the vicious jazz-core stylings of this 7". I must admit I liked the raw punk-rock power of the album better.

And now for something completely different: **The Bad Livers**. Sound like some sort of ear-piercing '77 punk? That's what I expected from the obnoxious name to the obnoxious cover art. Wrong. What we have here is some pretty amazing hillbilly cow-punk! I'm talking super fast fiddles, banjos and drums, with dead-pan snot vocals. Check this record out, it's great! The Bad Livers (who hail from Austin, I think) are what the hillbillies from *Deliverance* would sound like if they pulled their dicks out of Ned Beatty's butt and formed a band. On Cargo, of all things.

And for the last installment this month...**Dead Moon**! This amazing trio from Portland, Oregon keep real garage-psyche rocking with their latest 7" "Fire in the Western World" b/w "Room 213." "Fire" is a fast, pounding anthem, and "Room 213" is a scary, cryptic slow brooder. One of the reasons this stuff sounds so authentic is because it IS. These guys started playing rock and roll in the 60s and still ARE! Another neato thing about Dead Moon is that they press all their own records on a 7" press they bought years ago at an auction. Turns out that the press they bought was the actual one that made the original Kingmen's "Louie, Louie" 45 back in 1964! How's that for a bit of historic authenticity?

OK, that wraps it up this month! Stay tuned, word has it that next month we can expect a couple of local releases from Scratch Records, as well a 7" from the Indecisives! Looking forward to 'em! Out.

IT'S A CROSSWORD PUZZLE OF LOCAL BANDS! (mostly)



ACROSS

1) Perseperation Pop
2) local hillbillys: HARD ROCK _____.
3) the staff of 86th Street could be as this: a ____.
4) DOUG _____
6) Elgyy drum band, Commercial St. style.
8) Fa, Ma, Laura, Carrie and _____.
9) Their hits include "Teenage Barnacle" and "Windshield Wiper".
10) @*#!
11) The Ludvigs are great... ____.
12) Local band with new release on Three Minute Mile.

DOWN

1) High voltage Boner Recording Artists...
2) New local band opposite of woman: _____.
3) Winners of 1991 Shindig recently signed to Network.
5) _____ Your Uncle
7) Windwalker's label
8) Local band that won't share their gas.

For Contest details see the airhead page

BY JUNE SCUDELER

Yippee, it's the continuing saga of *Discorder*'s industrial/ambient/experimental column. So without further ado...

TAGC's *Meontological Research Recordings Teste Tones* (Soliel Moon) is a truly experimental work—it's even recorded in the laboratory. According to the liner notes "meontology—Basically, ontology is the science of the metaphysics of being; meontology therefore goes beyond this to a science of parapsychology to a realm of measurable and controllable phenomenon....In terms of sound we are trying to approximate and create the frequencies that affect the being in a physiological, psychological and meontological sense."

In other words, prepare yourself for something really weird. TAGC have found the sounds and frequencies that will really get under your skin— this is definitely not background music. For more info on some more interesting stuff, send two IRCs to: Anterior Research. P.O. Box 684, Sheffield 5S6 2EP UK.

Yugoslav funsters **Borghesia** also have a new release, *Dreamers in Colour* (Play It Again Sam), which is definitely lighter than earlier releases. Apparently the music was originally recorded for "Emotional," a dance performance. The music reminds me of a mixture of the latest Coil efforts, Die Warzau and Meat Beat Manifesto; in fact "Emotional Too" features Meat Beat samples. "Space Cake" has killer, deep bass and a spacey Indian influence to it. Two thumbs up— *Dreamers in Colour* is more focussed and less hokey than Borghesia's earlier stuff.

I don't know why but **KMFDM** has never really done that much for me. That is until their latest, *Money* (Wax Trax). They still have the cheesy covers, but they've also lightened up. I think the upsurge of techno has had a big effect on the more hard-core industrial scene. I borrowed *Money* from a friend and found I was playing it a lot on my car stereo (which is actually a thirty dollar pink citizen ghettoblaster nestled in my glove compartment). KMFDM still has the distorted vocals and guitar, but there is a sense of fun and non-seriousness about them now. *Money* is full of hooks and the tracks flow together very well. Yeppers, this is a good 'un, especially the stripped down remake of "Godlike" called "I Will Pray."

Speaking of techno invading industrial, everybody's fave robotmen, Vancouver's **Front Line Assembly**, have put out YET ANOTHER side project, **Intermix** (Third Mind). Besides the sticker trumpeting "Intermix is Bill Leeb and Rhys Fulber of FLA," it shouldn't take the alert listener long to figure out who made this CD— it has the unmistakable FLA harshness. There is also more bass than on most other FLA stuff. Their single "Virus" was good, but it needed more oomph. Not all the tracks are fast, some of them are reminiscent of a mixture of all the best aspects of FLA, *Delerium* and *Will*. It will be interesting to see how this does in clubland considering this is nowhere near vapid enough for most clubgoers.

Also from Canada is **DHI** with their CD *Machine Altar Transmission* (Fringe). Listeners have asked me about this band, as there was a feature about them on MuchMuzak and people seemed to like them. They use guitars and power tools, but not in an adventuresome Einsturzende Neubauten way. However, I would like to see DHI do more with the power tool schtick, as in the track "New Vision." Not bad, more experimentation would be cool.

And for something completely different and strange, (and something I like) is **John Moran**'s *The Manson Family—An Opera* (Point Music), which I was happy to see featured in the latest issue of *Reflex* Magazine. According to the liner notes, "Moran's impressionistic portrait of Charles Manson's macabre reign of terror incorporates elements of various snippets from the Beatles' *White Album* and Manson's own words....It follows no conventional narrative structure, instead juxtaposing disturbing vignettes dealing with 'The Family's life at Spahn Ranch, the Tate murders, and Manson's trial.'" Iggy Pop also plays the cop who busts the Manson Family. Many people may think this subject matter is horrible, but having a large sick streak I LOVE IT! Besides, it's pretty good, with musical weirdness abounding. [If you also have dubious taste you'll be glad to know that Eclipse Books has their own trading cards: "Serial Killers and Mass Murderers." They have a Jeffrey Dahmer card, who has mentioned Skinny Puppy in taped confessions—ooh scary kids.]

In a more, uh, tasteful note is the compilation CD *Mouvements-Compilation Européenne* (Le Legend des Voix), which features bands such as England's **Muslimgauze**, Germany's **Asmus Tietchens** and **Zoviet France**. This is a very quiet, atmospheric collection and is pretty amazing. It has lots of beautiful moments and is very stately and contemplative—perfect for intimate late night chats or if you're in a creative mode. Candles are recommended. This is a limited edition of 1000, get it if you find it or write to: La Legende des Voix 21 Rue 8 Mau 1945, 37270, Montlouis France.

Sit down any guitar fan and make them listen to the **Young Gods'** latest *Tusky* (Play It Again Sam) and they'd be hardpressed to figure out that those aren't guitars, they're guitar samples. Knowing that tidbit makes *Tusky* even more amazing. The Young Gods have managed quite a departure from "L'eau Rouge" but in case this sounds like a Ministry clone band, Young Gods are nothing like them. The almost 20 minute song "Summer Etes" sounds like the Doors, but is way more trippy and has at least a half million tempo changes. Cool.

Ian Sane's LP *1000 Faith* is a pretty wacky indie release from Toronto. It's all self-done (except for guitar on one track) and is a wall of sound funniness, with an emphasis on religious samples. One of my fave tracks is "Hairbands," which is full of chattery guitar noise and the great sample "long on hair, short on talent." Actually, a pretty neato LP. If you want to support Canadian weirdness, here's the address: Ian Sane, 750 king St. West, Toronto, Ont. M9V 2W8.

Well that's enough for one month...keep watching for more interesting stuff in next month's edition.

BY TARA SLOAN

This month some pretty cool CD's came into effect. First let's mention the *Juice* compilation. Although it's been kickin' around for a while, I was only just recently able to get my hands on a copy of it. Off MCA Records comes a CD that contains roughly ten outta fourteen dope tracks. Some well known artists that appear on *Juice* are Eric B. & Rakim, Too Short, EPMD, Salt'n'Pepa, Big Daddy Kane. The basic style in the hip hop tunze is rough'n'tough. Yo! Check this out...*Juice* is an excellent soundtrack with a lot of variety in sounds and rhymin' styles, from both male and female crews. I'd say this disc is a hit! The movie is cold but definitely to be checked out. *Juice* is slammin'!

A real disappointing crew that's out with a '92 album is **Fam-Lee**. The record's called *Runs in the Fam-Lee*. I couldn't believe how awful the whole thing was! The cover makes you think that you are picking up a rap record, but after listening for a few short seconds it's enough to make you say aloud, "This shit is sooo weak!" I guess the best way to describe the mood is by naming a few tracks. Let's see..."Precious Girl,""Hey Girl,""Who's That Girl," "You're My Girl." Need I go further??? The songs mostly contain really, really off-key, whiny singing. The vocabulary is lame and oh–so sappy! In general the CD's programmed beats are the same ol' teeny-bopper sappy pop-filled shit. The singing is extremely off and the written material is wack. I wouldn't recommend this young crew , it's simply a no-win situation.

Off Wild Pitch Records comes the 1992 release of **Hard Knocks**, with their 12 track CD genuinely titled *School of Hard Knocks*. At first this disc didn't impress me because it seemed to sound all the same– a monotone rapper and boring mellow music in the back. The key to listening to the Hard Knocks is to listen intently to the lyrics! The brother rappin' here gets pretty damn deep. The music that remains throughout the whole release is various jazz beats while the issues mentioned are dropped in a smooth easy style. "Hand of a Stranger" is a seriously deep tune. It tells the story of a date rape, in somewhat vivid detail, and then continues the story where the guy who raped the girl is himself raped later by a man in the changing room at a gym. By the end it is discovered that rapist #1 dies of AIDS that he caught from that other bro'! *School of Hard Knocks* may not appeal to all listeners because the music, with its cymbals and jazz mixes, is totally mellow throughout the CD but the street knowledge that is being spread is amazing. Intelligent viewpoints are thrown into the mix and are aimed towards tellin' them what lifestyle he sees them livin'. Peace out to the Hard Knocks. Word.

Sex and Violence, **Boogie Down Productions** latest album, is slammin'! The tracks vary in style and lyrical content. And of course KRS-One comes down strong in that rough hardcore voice of his, and adds in that crazy reggae flavour that makes his sound so "Ruff, Ruff." Over the past year much has happened to the formation of the BDP crew. I must note that the message on the inside cover shocked me. It reads as follows, "BDP in 1992 is KRS-ONE, Willie D and Kenny Parker! BDP in 1992 is not D-Nice, Jamal-ski, Harmony, Ms. Melodie and Scottie Morris. They are not down with BDP so stop frontin'. We roll tight and hard this year because too many people want something for nothing." So what's this all about? Apparently, rumour has it, that both X-Clan and Jce Cube commented on KRS-ONE becoming SOFT!!! I guess this pissed KRS off! There appears to be quite a bit of bitterness on the *Sex and Violence* release. One kinda funky track that kicks is "Questions and Answers." In this tune KRS-ONE starts out by complaining about how the commercial acts are pickin' up all the press and how BDP should be, but isn't.

KRS-ONE speaks only reality and in this track interviews himself! It's a neat kinda thang the way it goes down. *Sex and Violence* has plenty of intelligent words and that old hardcore style, found on the *Criminal Minded* album, is back!! A positive transition! Buy this CD! It's a must! Fresh for 1992... You Suckas! Hah! Hah! Hah!

Straight outta Oaktown, and soundin' like the next upcoming Too Short, comes **POOH-MAN** (MC POOH) and his explicit release *Funky As I Wanna Be*. The style is indeed Way-funky! This homeboy talks with tha gangsta-rollin', smoove-flowin', provin'n'showin' mellow voice. MC POOH has dropped his name on a few other CD's lately: "Sex, Money and Murder" is featured on the *Juice* compilation, and off the new release "White Men Can't Rap" (from the movie *White Men Can't Jump*) comes the tune, "Funky As I Wanna Be." Streetlife, living in the ghetto, and the ways of the justice system are the main concerns of MC POOH on this compact disc.

The **Luther Campbell** CD, not 2 Live Crew, is fairly short. It's just over 36 minutes of LUKE RECORDS 1992 tunze! There is a slight problem with the copy I got to listen to. The explicit lyrics have been beeped out so sometimes it is hard to get the full effect. *I Got Sumthin' On My Mind* is the title of the release. There are 10 songs in total and previous samples off past 2 Live Crew songs are incorporated into many a mix. Track number 5 is called, "MESSAGE," and here Luther talks on the issue of black and white kids and today's society. It's really cool. He talks about hangin' out with who you wanna hang out with, listenin' to what kinda music you wanna listen to, and learnin' about each others cultures so we may understand each other. Luke, as usual, incorporated fun party tracks with lotsa shouting and repetition to be made by the crowd.

The cover of *I Got Sumthin' On My Mind* is quite controversial. Luther is reading the paper while sittin' on the toilet, and two girls (one white, one black, both butt naked) are covering themselves with their hands as best as they can, whilst standing in the bathtub, surprised that the shower curtain has been pulled!!! It seems a little odd that the cover wasn't censored but the lyrics were! If anything it should be the other way around! Make sure you pick up the unedited version! Solo or in a crew Luther Campbell is still 2 Live!!!

Everybody's hip to the fresh vibes of the trio the **Fu-Schnickens**. These bro's, Poc-Fu, Moc-Fu, and Chip-Fu, are quite unique. *F.U. Don't Take it Personal* consists of 10 crazy-hype tracks. Their two hits, "Ring the Alarm," and "La Schmoove," are only two examples of the lingo and mood of the CD. The mood is fun, hyper, and hilarious. Lotsa flavour here see! The Fu-Schnickens produce a couple of tracks, as do, A Tribe Called Quest, and Dres of Black Sheep. An oriental flair is sampled and reggae is thrown all over tha mix! Repetitive choruses and crazy crossovers are scattered everywhere. For somethin' a lot less serious and more light-hearted, yet still kickin', check out the Fu-Schnickens!

Rapper of the month? Hmm... I'm gonna hafta say KRS-ONE of Boogie Down Productions who consistently creates Fresh, Hardcore Hip Hop Beats and Crazy-Hype Lyrics year...after year...after year!!!

BY CORAL SHORT

News from the Vancouver scene... **Sparkmarker** just got back from their California tour, which was fun says Kim, and now two of them have shaved heads (guess which two and you can have a free shitty demo). Gest Quest is still meeting and looking for a place to hold gigs... for you underagers out there, a show in early July in Abbotsford will feature **The Evaporators**, **Goguy**, **Flywheel**, **Mystery Machine** (who are now officially Nettwerk boys) and possibly even more bands. More info to come on that show later. There seems to be tons of worthwhile gigs around town featuring locals bands so check 'em out. **Frakus**, **Show Business Giants**, and the **Hanson Bros** played the Cruel Elephant on Friday April 3. The Show Business Giants kicked out their keyboarding tunes well. Their last number, being ultra-funk, ripped. However, it was the Hanson Brothers that I was there to see. Old and new schools combined due to the presence of Rob and John Wright. No-MeansNo tunes were played much to the delight of the rambunctious but friendly crowd. If you weren't there, too bad, because you missed a damn good show.

High Quality Local Demos

Moist

This new quartet describes their sound as "postpunkadelic–cheetahandroll... urban soul" and this superb label fits pretty well. In a way Television comes to mind especially in the slower tunes, such as "Another Rome" and "Brother John." Promising group and a decent tape despite the hollow sound quality.

International Secular Atavism Radio Show Episodes 1 -2

"Holy shit," I though as I listened to this cassette, a recording of two Radio Shows broadcast on CJIV (now CJSF) a few months ago. Basically, it's a Bob Larsey–style rant over a churning electronic backing. I wouldn't suggest playing this for your Lutheran grandparents since it's highly irreligious and just plain gross at times. Some of us think that kind of thing is funny though....

Monday – *Here and Now*

One of the best sounding tapes of the batch in terms of sound quality, this local band recorded the 4-song *Here and Now* at Impact Sound in Burnaby. The songs are concise and hook-laden, indicating the band has plenty of material to satisfy those who need a little pop in their rock. Some may find this stuff a tad mainstream, especially regular listeners of CiTR Radio Hell. But hey, this one's worth letting your hair down and indulging.

Dic Scene

Whew! Big Band! Eighteen members or something like that... big noise too; they've even got horns, a background chorus, you name it. And they do it live too! There hasn't probably been that many people on stage since Test Dept. took on the Welsh Coal Miner's Choir. "Put 'em on a Boat" and "A Better Peace" are parodies of the sentiment felt by those ubiquitous, Archie Bunker bigot–types who run your lives, while the other three tunes are just plain singalong fun. Check this band out.

Love Junction

How about simply "Junk." Even Violet Addiction would hurtle their lunch chunks after being exposed to this dreck.

Little Heads Are Soft

Saw these guys down at the What? this past Easter weekend and they were hot. How hot? As a matter o' fact, I turned to my companion – who we'll just call the Zalm – and he said "Fucking Faaantastic!" (An opinion he usually reserves for bands who have chicks with headbands.) The demo is a reflection of the live show, just a little more muffled. "Song for Benny" ripped live but needs more fidelity on the tape. Could "Song for Linda" be a poem to our very own, the talented and industrious Linda Scholten? Sorry guys, she's not taking applications, although this is said without knowing the true evil that bass players' fingers can do. They were literally a blur the night I saw them— even when everything was clear (which doesn't happened often the nights you party with the Zalm).

Man

This music is good, hard and fast, but it kicks back at the same time. Vocals are reminiscent of Mark Lanegan of the Screaming Trees or Ian from the Cult. Actually the whole band sounds remotely like the Screaming Trees on acid.

Foam

No address or number given if you want one, but I'm sure you could leave a note for Mofo, their producer, at CiTR. Mike "Bill" Bilis-ki's vocals endear the band a lot more than Ken Beattie's. The harmony of the back–up vocals make ya cringe. "Let Jesus Put His Love (Deep Inside You)" [*Hey, this is MCP material. Ed.*] is the most hardcore and disturbing tune. All in all I could get to like this band with vocalist #2.

Unscene...Heard

Yes, unfortunately this band is being heard. Any band that sends lyrics, deep meaningful glossy photos, and a bio of each member with the press kit is sad. They state that the song "Jodee" is a "slow ballad that discusses the plight of unwanted children, by using keyboards and a music box to help create the proper atmosphere." Production is slick and musical training is there, but it does not help. Never admit to anyone that Phil Collins is your favourite musician boys.

Movieland

They played on Live from Thunderbird Radio Hell a while back. Their guitarist/vocalist played for the Gruesomes for a while; exciting stuff. I like the bass, but they can be too mellow. They could be triumphant if they sped some of their slower songs up or made more tempo changes.

James Dean Lul

No info on the whereabouts of these guys. Well, so far I am getting lulled to sleep. "Scream to Be" is a faster catchier tune. The demo was interesting for a while, then it stopped being that way.

Bulletproof Nothing

No info on how to get in touch with this group as well. Silly bands, press and no address. This demo was recorded in 24 hours between Jan 8th and 24th at Bedside Studios. Is this a bedroom? It sounds like it. They're not bad, a bit loose, but upbeat and appealing vocals. I think with a bit more experience they could be a pretty cool band.

Cane Toads

It's a chick singing and she sounds good and tasty. Instrumentally they sound loud, grungy, meaty and hard. There is only one song on this demo unfortunately, called "Wake Up Suzy." Hopefully we'll be hearing more of this band around town.

Sorry to all the worthy bands out there that we haven't written about yet —we are 22 demos behind because we are getting so many and we can only write on 12 or so a month. Send letters and presents with your music and your demo will be gotten to quicker. [*Maybe there should be some mention that Dale Sawyer assisted with "Vancouver Special" this month Coral! Ed.*]

CHARTS

MAY 92 LONG GROOOVES 70

1	VARIOUS	CLAM CHOWDER AND ICE VS. BIG MACS AND BOMBERS(NARDWUAR)
2	WINDWALKER	RAINSTICK(MINT)
3	THEYMIGHTBEGIANTS	APOLLO 18(ELEKTRA)
4	HAIRDO ROCKMINERS	THE FINAL FRONTIER(SONY)
5	KMFDM	MONEY(WAX TRAX)
6	ANGELIQUE KIDJO	LOGONZO(ISLAND=MANGO)
7	JERRY JERRY	DON'T MIND IF I DO(AQUARIUS)
8	SHOVELHEAD	STOVE BOY SERVES DAILY SPECIAL(KONKURREL)
9	CURVE	DOPPELGANGER(WEA=ANXIOUS=CHARISMA)
10	VARIOUS	DOPE GUNS 'N FUCKING IN THE STREET VOL 4(AMPHETAMINE REPTILE)
11	THE WEDDING PRESENT	SEA MONSTERS(BMG=FIRST WARNING)
12	HEROES OF HIPHOPRISY	HIPOCRISY IS THE GREATEST LUXURY(ISLAND=4TH&B WAY)
13	TREEPEOPLE	SOMETHING VICIOUS FOR TOMORROW/TIME WHORE(C/Z)
14	ITCH	DYIN' TO BE JESUS(NETTWERK)
15	VARIOUS	HIGHWAY 61 SOUNTRACK(INTREPID)
16	BUFFALO TOM	LET ME COME OVER(BMG=BEGGARS BANQUET)
17	BAD RELIGION	GENERATOR(EPITAPH)
18	LUSH	SPOOKY(4AD)
19	THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES	MORE NOISE AND OTHER DISTURBANCES (TAANG!)
20	STUMPY JOE	ONE WAY TICKET TO KICKSVILLE(POPLLAMA)
21	POISON IDEA	BLANK BLACKOUT-VACANT(TAANG!)
22	BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS	SEX AND VIOLENCE(BMG=ZOMBA)
23	THE YOUNG GODS	T.V. SKY (CAROLINE=PLAY IT AGAIN)
24	NOMEANSNO	0+2= 1(ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES)
25	THE MONKEYWRENCH	CLEAN AS A BROKE DICK DOG(SUB POP)
26	ROLLINS BAND	THE END OF SILENCE(WANT ADS=IMAGO)
27	THE SMUGGLERS	THE SMUGGLERS AT MARINELAND(NARDWUAR)
28	THE COWS	CUNNING STUNTS(AMPHETAMINE REPTILE)
29	THE BROOD	VENDETTA(ESTRUS)
30	GWAR	AMERICA MUST BE DESTROYED(WARNER=SLAVE!!!)
31	THE TEREM QUARTET	TEREM(REAL WORLD)
32	DHIMACHINE	ALTAR TRANSMISSION(FRINGE)
33	KODE IV	POSSESSED(CARGO=KK)
34	RIPCORDZ	KIDNOISE(EN GUARDE)
35	SEAWEED	WEAK(SUB POP)
36	SCREECHING WEASEL	MY BRAIN HURTS(LOOK OUT!)
37	SKINNY PUPPY	LAST RITES(NETTWERK)
38	THE SUGARCUBES	STICK AROUND FOR JOY(WARNER=ELEKTRA)
39	VARIOUS	CANADIAN BLUES MASTERS(K-TEL)
40	WOBBLE'S	INVADERS OF THE HEARTRISING ABOVE BEDLAM(WARNER=EAST WEST)
41	BODY COUNT	BODY COUNT(WARNER=SIRE)
42	VARIOUS	BUZZCOCKS COVERS COMPILATION(C/Z)
43	BEATS INTERNATIONAL	EXCURSION ON THE VERSION(POLYGRAM=GO BEAT)
44	CORROSION OF CONFORMITY	VOTE WITH A BULLET(RELATIVITY)
45	CYPRESS HILL	CYPRESS HILL(COLUMBIA=RUFFHOUSE)
46	K.D.LANG	INGENUE(WARNER=SIRE)
47	DAVID BYRNE	UH OH(WARNER=SIRE)
48	SIR MIX-A-LOT	MACK DADDY(DEF AMERICAN=RHYME)
49	TEENAGE FANCLUB	BANDWAGONESQUE(MCA)
50	ATOMIC 61	HEARTWORM(BOX DOG)
51	DAYGLO ABORTIONS	TWO DOGS FUCKING(FRINGE)
52	DIGITAL POODLE	SOUL CRUSH(dovENTERTAINMENT)
53	ORDO EQUITUM SOLIS	ANIMIA EGRITUDO(dovENTERTAINMENT=MMM)
54	SHRIMP BOAT	DUENDE(BAR NONE)
55	VARIOUS	EXPLICITSKBROK(THRASHER)
56	AFGHAN WHIGS	CONGREGATION(CARGO=SUB POP)
57	BORGHESIA	DREAMERS IN COLOUR (CAROLINE=PLAY ITAGAIN SAM)
58	KRONOS QUARTET	PIECES OF AFRICA(ELEKTRA)
59	VARIOUS	WRITINGS ON THE WALL(SYNTHETIC REALITIES=BEAM 103)
60	YO LA TENGO	MAY I SING WITH ME(CARGO=ALIAS)
61	DHARMA BUMS	WELCOME(BMG=FRONTIER)
62	JAZZ BUTCHER	CONDITION BLUE(SKY)
63	JON WAYNE	TEXAS FUNERAL(CARGO=FISTPUPPET)
64	OLD SKULL	CIA DRUG FEST(RESTLESS)
65	RIDE	GOING BLANK AGAIN(WARNER=SIRE)
66	SUPERSUCKERS	THE SONGS ALL SOUND THE SAME(EMPTY)
67	T.A.G.C.	MEONTOLOGICAL RESEARCH REC. TESTE TONES(SOLEILMOON)
68	TIM DOG	PENICILLIN ON WAX(COLUMBIA=RUFFHOUSE)
69	SUPERCONDUCTOR	HEAVY WITH PUPPY(BONER)
70	VICTIMS' FAMILY	THE GERM(ALTERNATIVE TENTACLE)

MAY 92 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTYCLOTHES

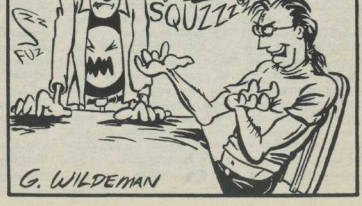
1	PERFUME TREE	"DEATH IN PRIME TIME"
2	STARBOYS	"BASTARDS OF 76"
3	CANE TOADS	"WAKE UP SUZY"
4	RATTLED ROOSTERS	"HOT ROD GIRL"
5	MYSTERY MACHINE	"SHAKY GROUND"
6	TRUK	"TOSS IT AWAY"
7	FOAM	"SICKMAN"
8	STICK MONKEY	"TELL ME SOMETHING"
9	FATAL HATRED	"JESUS WAS A LONGHAIR"
10	MONDAY	"ANGEL IN WAITING"
11	THE INDECISIVES	"GOOD INTENTIONS"
12	WYNONA SUE AND THE TURNPIKES	"COW COW STRUT"
13	MOVIELAND	"HELLO"
14	SINISTER DUDE RANCH	"PLANT SONG"
15	JAMES DEAN	"SCREAM TO BE"
16	SHINE	"BUTTERFLY"
17	DEPROGRAMMERS	"CHILD"
18	MAN	"PEOPLE BURN"
19	SLUDGE	"ROPE BURN"
20	MYSTERY MACHINE	"BROKEN"
21	SPARKMARKER	"MIRROR OF DAYS"
22	WARD GREEN	"JUST DOWN THE ROAD"
23	SNOWDOGS	"K CAR"
24	TERROR T AND THE BEAT ASSASSINATOR	"GANGSTA SHIT"
25	BIG TALL GARDEN	"GRASSHOPPER DELIGHT"
26	MOIST	"BROTHER JOHN"
27	HI DUMMY	"105"
28	UNDERTAKING	"BUMBLE BEER"
29	PLANET OF SPIDERS	"PORCHLIGHT"
30	SUCKING CHEST WOUND	"SATAN 'N DRUGS 'N HIPPIES 'N ROCK 'N ROLL"
31	OTTG	"ODIOUS LAURIE"
32	FLYWHEEL	"BENEATH THE BLUE"
33	ALIEN AND THE PSYCHO	"BONE SLUG"
34	CONNECT	"MEANING OF HATE"
35	CUTER THAN SPUNKY	"FOR YOU"
36	HAZEL MOTES	"INSPIRATION"
37	FURNACE FACE	"DOWN THE DRAIN"
38	MEXICAN POWER AUTHORITY	"SEX WITH THE DEVIL"
39	ROLLCAGE	"NO MORE HAPPY MONDAYS"
40	FLYWHEEL	"FORTRESS IS A PRISON"
41	SKANK	"THE NIGHT I MET SATAN"
42	THE LOGIC CONSPIRACY	"I WISH I HAD A BETTER WAY WITH WORDS"
43	THE BOMBSHELLS	"STARFISH"
44	3000 BC	"LET'S GET TOGETHER"
45	VASECTEMOIDS	"GLOVE TRILOGY"
46	TIPPY A GO GO	"SO THE STORY GOES"
47	SHOW BUSINESS GIANTS	"WORLD IS TOO CROWDED"
48	BEFORE THE FALL	"CREATIVE DIFFERENCES"
49	POOR BOYS THEATRE	"POOR BOYS THEATRE"
50	IMOGEN JAKES	"20TH CENTURY SKYLINE"
51	THE RAINKINGS	"I DON'T NEED YOU"

MAY 92 SHORTIE GROOVES 51

1	L7	CD-5" EP(WARNER=SLASH)
2	INTER MIX	CD-5" EP(WAX TRAX)
3	MULE	"UNCLE FUCK" 7"(BROWNER)
4	MUDHONEY B/W GAS HUFFER	"YOU STUPID ASSHOLE 7"(EMPTY)
5	FLOP	"DRUGS" 7"(DASHBOARD HULA GIRL)
6	BEASTIE BOYS	"PASS THE MIC" 12"(CAPITOL)
7	MECCA NORMAL	"ARMCHAIRS FIT THROUGH DOORWAYS 7"(K RECORDS)
8	HP ZINKER	"OUR PRECIOUS LOVE 7"(ROUGHNECK)
9	GIRL TROUBLE B/W THE A-BONES	SPLIT 7"(POPLLAMA=CRUDDY R.D.)
10	HITTING BIRTH	"LOVE ME" 12"(T/K)
11	ICE CUBE	"STEADY MOBBIN" 12"(PRIORITY)
12	BUM	A PROMISE IS A PROMISE 7"(LANCE ROCK)
13	ZIPGUN	"TOGETHER DUMB" 7"(EMPTY)
14	BIG SANDY AND THE FLY-RITE TRIO	DON'T DESERT ME 7"(DIONYSUS)
15	PHLEG CAMP	"BEAKER" 7"(FINAL NOTICE)
16	THE BREEDERS	"SAFARI" CD-5" EP(POLYGRAM=4AD)
17	WHIRLEES	IN MY GROOVE 7"(SCHIZOPHONIC)
18	YUMMY	"CANDY DAY" 7"(EMPTY)
19	SUPERCONDUCTOR	THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN THE WORLD 7"(SCRATCH)
20	BRATMOBILE	"KISS AND RIDE" 7"(HOMESTEAD=DEIT)
21	IRON PROSTATE	"BRING ME THE HEAD OF JERRY GARCIA" 7"(VITAL MUSIC)
22	THE PIECES	DON'T LET THE SOAP RUN OUT 7"(EMPTY)
23	SUGAR BOOM	"SPIRAL"/"MOVE" 7"(SCHIZOPHONIC)
24	CAT'S GAME	HOME SWEET HOME 7"(3 MINUTE MILE)
25	RECOIL	"FAITH HEALER" 12"(SIRE=REPRISE)
26	A TRIBE CALLED QUEST	"SCENARIO" 12"(JIVE)
27	BAD LIVERS	"LUST FOR LIFE" 7"(FISTPUPPET)
28	CHEATER STICKS	"I'M GROUNDED!"/"CAN IT BE?" 7"(IN THE RED)
29	CHOOSEY MOTHERS	MY GIRLFRIEND IS GONNA....7" (BOOZEFIGHTER)
30	THE HOODS	"YOU WON'T TAKE HER"/"MYSTERY TRAIN" 7"(DIONYSUS)
31	IS THIS BOB?	"LUCKY JOHNNY'S" 7"(PLUMB)
32	JACK WENBERG	"RAINBOW" 7"(MAJESTIC)
33	THE MUFFS	NEW LOVE 7"(SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY)
34	OSWALD 5-0	"ERASER"/"FELONY FLATS" 7"(IMP)
35	SPIRITUALIZED	"SMILE"/"SWAY" 7"(QTM=DEDICATED)
36	PELL MELL	"SMOKE"/"BRING ON THE CHINA" 7"(SST)
37	THE POTATO EATERS	"DOG EARED(BUT FORGOTTEN) 7"(RASTASCAN)
38	HUEVOS RANCHEROS	ROCKET TO NOWHERE 7"(ESTRUS)
39	JAWBOX	"TONGUES"/"ONES AND ZEROS" 7"(DISCHORD)
40	THE SWIRLIES	"SARAH SITTING" 7"(SLUMBERLAND)
41	NOMEANSNO	"OH CANADUH"/"NEW AGE" 7"(ALLIED RECORDINGS)
42	MIDWAY STILL	WISH 7"(ROUGHNECK)
43	FLEISCH	MACHT SUCHTIG 7"(FAR OUT)
44	LEATHERFACE	I WANT THE MOON 7"(ROUGHNECK)
45	HOP FLOP FLY	"KITTY KITTY" 7"(FLYTONE)
46	THE ROMULANS	SHE'S TARA 7"(SUSSTONES)
47	MIND SIRENS	"ALASKA WHEN WINTER IS KING"/"IOWA" 7"(JETTISON)
48	QUIVERPUSS	"CONJURE UP A MAN" 7"(FACEBAT)
49	NAPALM SUNDAY	"SUBTLE INFIDELITY"/"SHE BELIEVES" 7"(SHARK SANDWICH)
50	THE VON TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS	GRANOLA HEAD 7"(NERVOUS SHEEP)
51	RANCID VAT	IT'S MY FATE 7"

DO YOU REMEMBER ROCK'N'ROLL RADIO? DISCORDER CHARTS 5 YEARS AGO.

1	D.O.A.	TRUE NORTH STRONG AND FREE(PROFILE)
2	GO FOUR 3	SIX FRIENDS(ZULU)
3	HUSKER DU	WAREHOUSE: SONGS AND STORIES(WEA)
4	K.D. LANG	ANGEL WITH A LARIAT(WEA)
5	OVERSOUL SEVEN	FOOL REVELATION(EDGE)
6	WIRE	SNAKEDRILL EP(MUTE)
7	DEAD KENNEDYS	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY(ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES)
8	GINGER BAKER	HORSES AND TREES(CELLULOID)
9	RIDEHOSE	RAGIN' FULL ON(SST)
10	THE BEASTIE BOYS	LICENSED TO ILL(DEF JAM=CBS)



SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-12:00PM All of time' is measured by its art. Most broadcasting shuns art for incestuous market-music. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open. Hosted by Paul Steenhuisen and Ian Crutchley.

THE BRUNCH REPORT 12:00-12:15PM News, sports, weather and more with the CITR News, Sports and Weather Departments.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM Hosts: George Barrett and Mike Cherry. Reggae inna all styles and fashion. Dancehall, Dub, Roots, Lovers-rock, Rock Steady, Ska and beyond!

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE 5:00-5:30PM All the day's news, weather and sports, and a feature. Hosted by Helen G.

MAURY'S GOT THE NIGHT OFF 6:00-8:00PM Kooky antics, current irrelevant issues, Joe Jackson, Pankow, Ice-T, Hellbastard, and your cool requests. Hosted by Karen Toddington and Lloyd Ulicne.

LULU'S BACK IN TOWN 8:00- 9:00PM Tune in as your hosts Vinnie Carpelli and Sonny Prince play some of the hottest crooners on wax. Names like Tony Bennett, Sammy Davis, Jr., Engelbert Humperdinck and many, many more...lots of great cuts and plenty of polyester.

GEETANJALI 9:00- 10:00PM Geetanjali is a new one-hour radio show which features a wide range of music from India. This includes classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's, Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, Folk Songs, etc. Hosted by Jyoti Dhar and Pradeep Kumar Nandam.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-12:00AM Join host Dave Emory and colleague Nip Tuck for some extraodinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KFJC (Los Altos, California).

MONDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Wake up with the CITR Morning Show. All the news, sports and weather you need to start your day. Plus what's happening at UBC each day with UBC Digest, a feature interview and more. Topped off with the **BBC World Service News at 8:00AM**, live from London, England. Hosted today by Bill Currie.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters James and Peter offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in an exctingly luscious blend of aural delights! Tune in and enjoy each weeky brown plate special.

DON AND GOURD'S STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00 AM- 1:00 PM So they asked me 'Is this music ?" Noon feature: Crucifix In Your Ear.'

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM News, sports and weather.

MEKANIKAL OBJEKT NOIZE 1:15-3:00PM CITR's only all industrial / technical / electronic show with different feature albums every week. With your dj pal, June. Cevin Key likes some of you.

GUMBO RADIO 3:00-5:00PM Host: Steve Wells.

THE CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM All the latest on campus: news, sports, an in-depth interview, theatre or film review, editorial commentary and more. Weekdays with host Ian Gunn.

AUTHENTIC AMATEURISM 5:30-6:00PM The sports show that seethes with insight while staying at one with the sports world. Hosted by Mark Dinsdale, who always gives 110%. Focusing on local, campus and amateur sports.

BOXER SHORT BOYZ 7:00-9:00PM Just a couple of guys who like to walk around in their boxer shorts with their big fat guts hanging out. Jerome Broadway and Garnet Timothy Harry alternate weeks.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

4th: "New Bottle, Old Wine." A great combination...the orchestra and arrangements by Gil Evans...Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, chief soloist on alto saxophone and timeless jazz standards by Armstrong, Waller, Parker ect. Worth waiting for.

11th: 'Talkin' About'...Grant Green.' Green, one of the finest modern Jazz guitarists is coupled with Hammond Organ innovator Larry Young and the great drummer, Elvin Jones. This is a Feature that you'll be 'Talkin' About' for a while.

18th: Chuck Mangione is a name that conjures up visions of big hats, long hair, and "elevator jazz." ...not tonight...Mangione is featured on trumpet...and leading a great band with the wonderful reedman Joe Romano and a classic rhythm section: Wynton Kelly (piano), Sam Jones (baass), Louis Hayes (drums). Recorded in 1962 and not suitable for elevators.

23rd: Baritone saxophonist, composer Gerry Mulligan collaborated with many great players on a series of recordings in the late 50's...albums wwith Paul Desmond, Stan Getz, Thelonious Monk ect. Tonight's feaature is Mulligan's favourite of the batch...Mulligan with tenor saxophone giant Ben Webster...we'll play tracks that were not issued on the original LP. Don't miss this!

TUESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Antje Rauwerda.

DOG'S BREAKFAST 11:00AM-1:00PM Hey, I haven't poisooned anyoone yet! Join me, your hostess/chef Helen G. for cookin' and shakin'. Naptime stories too.

5th: Pretzels and beer and maybe some televised sports with birthday boy Chris Uren. No Heimlich Manoeuvres In the Night Kitchen. Mother's Day is coming.

12th: A good square meal for the Madonna Deathwatch boys...either that or Ducks a l'orange. Yep, Scooter and Bryce in my kitchen Where the Wild Things Are.

19th: Chicken Soup with Rice: story and genuine article with my beau Benny on my tattoo's 3 year anniversary and our 3 1/2. Aww!

26th: Summer Pudding with Jane Tilley. Unseasonal but amazing. In case you hadn't noticed, we're doing the Maurice Sendak thing this month. OUr last story, Mr. Rabbit and the Lovely Present is just illustrated by him. Cooking live from Venus!

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:00PM Country music to scrape the cowshit off your boots to. With yer host-poke Jeff Gray.

LIVE FROM VENUS 3:00-5:00PM Women- made music and stuff, hosted by Jane Tilley.

THE REAL DEAL 6:00-7:00PM "If it ain't rap then you know it's crap."-Eazy-E. Hardcore rap with your hardcore rap host Terror T.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Demo Director Dale Sawyer provides some insight into the best and the worst of the newest Canadian music.

AVANT-PIG 9:00PM-12:00AM Alternating Tuesdays with Wolf at the Door. Now three hours of funky ambient noise piggery with Pete Lutwyche.

WOLF AT THE DOOR 9:00PM-12:00AM Alternating Tuesdays with Avant-Pig. The latest in dance music and interesting drama every second week. With Lupus Yonderboy.

AURAL TENTACLES MIDNITE UNTIL THE MOON DROPS Fun for the whole family to enjoy! Weird chunks of news, odd pieces of tuneage, Pierre and the ZAM WWOD.

WEDNESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Ian Gunn.

SOULCHURCH 12:00-1:00PM That program where we play for you the best of the African-Canadian, African-American gospel music tradition. Your host in a hurry, Dave Langille.

NOOLEY TUNES 1:15-3:00PM Spinning the best and worst of CITR's playlist, only the most original requests will be remotely considered. Emphasis will be on new new new material from around the world, regardless of musical classification.

NORMAN'S KITCHEN 3:00-5:00PM We just got hold of TIME/LIFE's "Classic Rock of the 70's," so get ready to party. With your host, the Reverend Norman.

THE HEALING HOUR 7:00-9:00PM Guru Dru plays the blues.

ENTERTAINMENT 9:00-12:00PM Only the third Radio Program in the history of Homo-sapien kind to be dedicated to solving ALL of the world's problems. Radio that believes in confusion, noise, peace, love, aggression and maybe even EVOLUTION...move beyond the old obsessions...Featuring LIVE FROM THE INNER STATION the first Wendsday of every month. An altered approach to music performed live for radio.

THURSDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Antje Rauwerda.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30-1:00PM Toques, plaids, backbacon, beer, igloos, snomobiles, beavers & Brian Mulrooney. If you love Canada, tune in and eat your lunch to Canadian music. Previously Coalation.

POPGUN 1:00-3:00PM

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM
----HARD----------JINX----
----ERIC----------CORE----

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00- 8:00PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

RED HOT AND BLUE 8:00- 9:00PM Roots music, rhythm and blues, rock 'n roll, and who knows what, hosted by Eddie J.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local music from 9. *Live bands from 10.*

May 14th - *B.U.M.*

May 21st - *Special Performance* - 1992 Prince of Wales High School Battle of the Bands

May 28th - *Stick Monkey*

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE 11:00PM-1:00AM 100 % Canadian industrialism. Noise with four-dimensional psycho-acoustic interactivity. Practitioner: Peter Courtemanche.

MEGABLAST! 1 AM-WHEN U STOP LISTENING minimalism. adamnoizsloan is (ir)responsible.

FRIDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Ian Gunn.

THE NOIZ SHOW 2:30-3:30, 4:00-5:00PM a n o i z d n o i z a n o i z m n o i z s n o i z l n o i z o n o i z a n o i z n o i z n o i z

MAY

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RHYTHMIC UNDERGROUND

LIVE MUSIC FOUR NIGHTS A WEEK

FRIDAY MAY 1
SAN DIEGO SWAMP ROCK
BEAT FARMERS
W/ BOASTIN' MOSES

SATURDAY MAY 2
CELTIC ROCK FROM S. F.
TEMPEST
W/ NOWHERE GARDEN

FRIDAY MAY 8
BAN ROLL-ON WON'T HELP
SWEATY NIPPLES

SATURDAY MAY 9
DEADHEAD ROCK FROM SEATTLE
ALLIGATOR WINE
& RATTLED ROOSTERS

SUNDAY MAY 10
FREAKSCENE
& BOASTIN' MOSES

WEDNESDAY MAY 13
ROOTIN' TOOTIN' HIGH-FALUTIN'
SEDRO WOOLEY JUG BAND

FRIDAY MAY 15
CRAZY 8S

SATURDAY MAY 16
SALSA & WORLDBEAT
BOCHINCHE

SUNDAY MAY 17
BEST OF SEATTLE SERIES
STRANGE FRUIT
&MAD BIRD

WEDNESDAY MAY 20
A TRIBUTE TO
JACK KEROAUC
VIDEO PRESENTATION &
POETRY BY TONY SELDIN

FRIDAY MAY 22
HORN-FUELED ROCKIN' FUNK
CRAWDADDIES

SATURDAY MAY 23
REGGAE FROM COLORADO'S
LITTLE WOMEN
SPECIAL GUEST
G. T. NOAH

SUNDAY MAY 24
SKI TO SEA PARTY 1992
REGGAE - SOCA - SKA - DUB
JUMBALASSY

WEDNESDAY MAY 27
CLAY PEOPLE

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ALTERNATIVE DISCO

WEDS DEAD NITE
LIVE BANDS & BOOTLEGS

BIG BASS THURS
HOSTED BY DJ BOY WONDER

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Happy Hour 6-9pm
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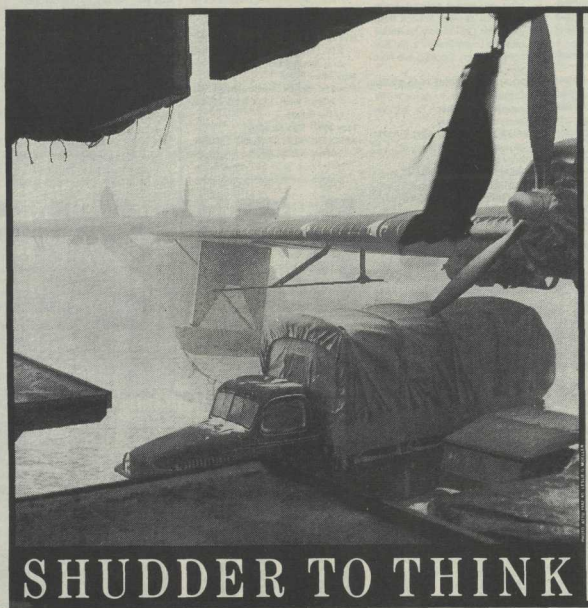

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62. JAWBOX 'Tongues'/'Ones & Zeros' 7" Ⓐ
61. NATION OF ULYSSES 3-Song 7" Ⓐ
60. FUGAZI 'Steady Diet of Nothing'†* Ⓒ
59. HOLY ROLLERS 'Fabuley' & 'As Is' CD Ⓔ
58. HOLY ROLLERS 'Fabuley'† Ⓒ
57. NATION OF ULYSSES '13-Point Program'†* Ⓒ
56. HIGH-BACK CHAIRS 'Of Two Minds'†* Ⓒ
55. SHUDDER TO THINK 54 & 'Ten-Spot' Ⓔ
54. SHUDDER TO THINK Funeral at the Movies'† Ⓑ
53. DAG NASTY 'Can I Say' & 'Wig Out...' CD Ⓔ
50. SKEWBALD/GRAND UNION 7" Ⓐ
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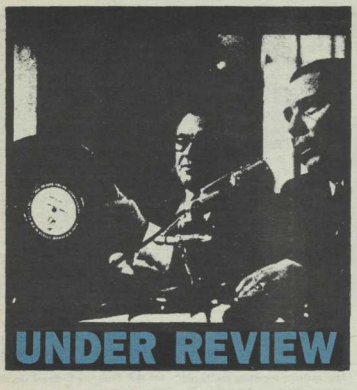


UNDER REVIEW

Hard Rock Miners
The Final Frontier
(Sony)

Mom: "This sounds like country."
Dad: "It is country."

Helen G.'s parents on their first taste of *The Final Frontier*.

It's Hootenanny hoedown time! I interviewed three Hard Rock Miners way back in September when the new release seemed forthcoming and I've been holding my breath 'til now. What can I say? I like it; my family likes it; you can wash dishes to it; you have to dance to it. My personal favourite is "White Lightening," a HRM original. Being an obsessive type, this is the "ten-times-in-a-row, several-days-a-week, until-the-record-wears-out, only-I'm-in-luck-because-it's-on-CD" pick of the month. There are 11 originals in all plus their two well-known fab covers of "These Boots are Made for Walking" and "She Drives Me Crazy." Hard Rock Miners are expert at mixing pop, rap, and classic rock vignettes in with their original brand of citybilly. *The Final Frontier* is a real gem, the sound on this release is great: lively and not over-produced. Nifty packaging too. Already I'm looking forward to the next release to show off their current line-up. This one'll keep me hopping until then.

Helen G.

Windwalker
Rainstick
(Mint)

Rainstick not only marks the debut full length release from Windwalker, it is also the first CD put out on Vancouver's MINT records. After winning our very own Shindig competition in 1990 the band shot a couple of demos to the top of the CiTR demo charts in 1991. Along with this remarkable feat the band also hooked up with CBC's *Brave New Waves*, recording a live session that was pumped through the nation's airwaves. With *Rainstick* we see the culmination of some hard work on many fronts (although finding support has never been their problem). While the record doesn't exactly blow me away it is not without its precious points. Recorded live to DAT *Rainstick* comes real close to capturing the intensity that the band exhibits when playing live. Even though you can't exactly see Stuart Oijen going through the grind in an effort to emotionalize his words you sure can hear him. The band shines best on songs like "Bury Me Alive" and "The Beyond" when they stray away from the more conventional "college rock" structures, that hamper some of this CD's other tunes, and venture into a more experimental world that is entirely their own. A worthwhile pick.

Steve Wells

Dag Nasty
Four On The Floor
(Epitaph)
Bad Religion
Generator
(Epitaph)

What happens when various members of Dag Nasty wind up in the same city on summer vacation? According to the liner notes, they spend a couple of weeks together, write some new material, rerecord a couple of old tunes, do a UK Subs cover, and call it an album. My impression, however, is that these boys have downed one swig too many from the (non-alcholic) punch bowl of NOSTALGIA.

"It seems like a hundred years/but I guess it's been only ten" yelps Dave Smalley in the opening track while he reminices of the days of old when one could still stage-dive without being verbally abused by some balding, self-righteous "artist" in a touque. "It means more to me than it will to you" croons Dave in "S.F.S.," and this really says it all in regards to the lack of expression and vitality this record offers to the listener. It's not just the oblique (and sometimes just plain cliché) lyrics that bug me: it's that Dag Nasty, at least from the evidence on this album, don't seem to have progressed anywhere or have anything new to say. Sure, some of the songs "rock," the production and sound quality is head and shoulders above any of their previous releases, but in the context of the whole record this is a hollow endorsement.

The other recent release from Epitaph is Bad Religion's *Generator*. This album is a perfect example of a band who still have a purpose: 11 songs, every one of them an example of Greg & Brett's depth as songwriters and Bad Religion's skill and passion as performers. It only gets better with every listen, so sit down with the lyrics, listen, read, think, and know that Bads Religion made *Generator* because they had something to give, and they want you to listen.

Rory Tait

Various Artists
Clam Chowder and Ice vs Big Macs and Bombers
(Nardwuar Records)

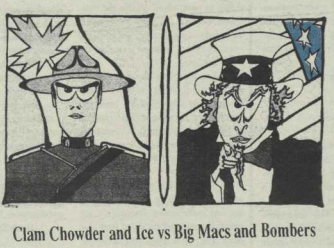
For those of you trying to keep up with the Nard scene, there's a new release by CiTR's own bad boy of rock and roll promotion, this time with a theme. Who is better, Canucks or Yanks? You get to choose. The record, white vinyl with blue and pink paint swirls reminiscent of the ol' Paint-O-Whirl craze at the P.N.E. a few centuries ago, besides being impossible to cue for us DJ types, is divided into two sets.

One side features those warmongering, lard munchin', Harley hawkin', Denny'sluvin', Hollywood horkin' U.S. types—A-Bones, Squirrels, Mudhoney (pleeease...!), The Mummies, and more. Make your choice, there's even a clip out ballot you can send to Nardwuar to make your choice known.

Of course it is not for me to say which country deserves the big U.S. media-backed, olympic musical gold medal for cultural supremacy, but a few anomalies exist which make a selection difficult. For example, my favorite band on the record, the Devil Dogs from Brooklyn, sound like Stompin' Tom, a Canadian artist. And then the Clam Chowder reference. Clam Chowder, as we know it, was invented in Boston. And Canadians eat more Big Macs per capita than Yanks! And to complicate things more, a quote from John Ruskin (the architect) is also printed on the back, and he was British!!!

But if you're confused, rest your culturally embattled brain cells with the fact you can always just listen to Nardwuar's interviews with such famous people as Gilligan, Tom Vu, Johnny Freedom, and Hank the Hobo. If you're anyone, Nardwuar's probably interviewed you. If not, you're not anyone. Nardwuar has also been gracious enough to give you a few hi-fi hints such as correct needle care and a hep band profile handbook—all this for seven dollars! (Or about a zillion useless, boring, easy-to-counterfeit-because-they're-all-the-same-colour-unlike-every-other-civilized-country Yank bucks.)

J. Boldt



Clam Chowder and Ice vs Big Macs and Bombers

The Terem Quartet
Terem
(Real World)

Before I get into reviewing this release, let me give you some background on the Real World Records label. Real World was put together by Peter Gabriel to release a wide-ranging catalogue of music, from the traditional to the very modern, from all corners of the world. The catalogue is broken down by geography into nine areas: Africa, North America, South America, Asia 1, Asia 2, Oceania, Caribbean, Europe and Indian Subcontinent.

Most of the recordings are made in the Real World Studios in Wiltshire, England, with the musicians being flown in. During August 1991, Real World and WOMAD brought in more than 75 artists from over 20 countries for a week of recording, which is when the Terem Quartet were recorded.

These four Russian guys put out quite the eclectic assortment of traditional Russian music, along with their own compositions. Mikhail Dzvidze plays a huge bass balalaika, an acoustic upright three-stringed bass with a massive wooden triangle-shaped body. Andrei Smirnov plays a Bayan Accordion, which is essentially just like any other accordion you've seen or heard, but it is used in a different sense most of the time. Andrei Konstantinov and Igor Ponomarenko play soprano and alto domras, respectively, usually rapidly plucking these guitar-like instruments.

The music is not really dominated by any single instrument. They are all well represented in the mix, and they really worked together quite well, the players and their instruments that is. They borrow from all sorts of musical styles popping in and out of their quirky compositions all the time, including two and a half seconds of funk on "Toccata"! Most of their stuff stays traditional/classical sounding but they do change directions, making excursions into jazz as well as doing a few foot-stompers. If Real World music is your thang, you'll probably like it.

Adam Sloan

Entombed
Clandestine
(Earache Records)

Uhhhw!! Urghhh! Urwa-ah!!!...Sorry, just trying to figure out how you could write that kind of grunt sound all those death-core vocalists use so effectively. I guess it loses something in the translation. Well, the gospel of deathcore is proliferating at a truly zealous rate. According to my calculations these bands should be running out of names in about two years (Grotus and Gorguis were the first indicators).

Entombed comes recommended and although this is a heavy release with

Mofo's Psychotronic Pix O'The Month

Greetings you ridiculous people! I can't figure out how I can still get away with this column; I mean, the fact that you folks are actually interested in hearing about my sick fetish for the refuse of music is a chilling testament to how completely warped you all are!

This week, I have a few tributes to totally shameless excess. There are probably two ideas most pervasive among the business types and idea people. These thoughts usually come up in the same sentence as the words 'easy money' do, and always seem to work on the consumers. It is a good way to feed the same garbage to you on a new and exciting plate.

1) Take a good idea and miniaturize it. This is an age old trick, and is the concept behind cartoons like *Muppet Babies* and *Scrappy Doo*. I mean, really, do miniature Oreos and Ritz minis really taste any different than their larger cousins? I think not. In fact, it's a bitch to spread Sqweez-a-snak on a Ritz mini, let me tell you, bub! Musically, we get inundated with abominations like Mini-Pops, The Boys and kid rappers from hell, Kriss Kross (oh yeah, don't forget Old Skull!). But kid music is too shitty for even a weirdo like me to force you to read about, so I'll concentrate on ...

2) Overkill, overkill, overkill!!! You can't get too much of a good thing. This is the reason you can buy popcorn in bags that are taller than you; the reason the 40 oz. bottle of beer exists; and don't forget about the 50 colours of Jello. Musically, it's like this: if one of these sounds good, let's try it with ten of them! I made a quick scour of my rekkid library, and here are some examples:

Flutes Front & Centre **•Ray Rasch & the Pipers 10•**Warner
Ten flutes!!! Count 'em! Ten! Add to the mix Ray Rasch's drooling Hammond Organ and you have a match made in Cleveland. Comes with hep classics like "Tutti Flutie"(no, not that Flutie!) and "Holiday For Strings"; plus a great action photo of the Pipers 10 jammin' with Brother Ray.
Instrument Tally: 1 Hammond, 10 Flutes

Georgy Girl & Other Music To Watch Girls By **•Living Marimbas•**RCA
Living Marimbas go girl crazy on this hoppin' slab! I don't know about you, but there's nothing I like better than a good marimba—30 or 40 of them, even better! Girl watching with 30 or 40 of them, why not!!!!
Instrument Tally: Secret, but I'll go out on a limb and say 30 or 40 marimbas, and yes, they are living.

101 Strings Plus Guitars Galore! **•Guess•**Alshire
The album sleeve sez, "This is the first time in history of the recording arts that six guitars have been scored with such a huge orchestra!!!" No shit. The photo on the back of 101 Strings is worth the price alone.
Instrument Tally: 6 guitars, 60 violins, 20 violas, 20 cellos, 1 string bass.

50 Guitars of Tommy Garrett Visit Hawaii **•The 50 Guitars of Tommy Garrett•**Liberty
Tommy "Snuff" Garrett does Hawaii like no one else can! It contains "Lovely Hula Hands" and the controversial "Pagan Love Song." There are no artist credits, but the record has a lovely, but pointless, gatefold describing the stereo process.
Instrument Tally: 36 guitars, 2 basses and "an army of ukeleles."

Heavy With Puppy **•Superconductor•**Boner/Scratch
Continuing in true overkill spirit, Superconductor whip it out for you with a five song churning mass o' sound. Bargain priced, but sadly not on vinyl at this time. You know what they say; "Two's company, Superconductor's a crowd!"
Instrument Tally: 6 guitars, 2 basses, drums, bontempi (cool!).

Power Packed Trombones **•Trombones, Inc.•**Warner
This is a great lost classic. I have yet to find it, but it's gotta be swell! If anyone out there's got it, gimme it and I'll slip you a fiver.
Instrument Tally: 24 (!) Trombones

So, yeah, that's all I've got, but if you wanna, you can bring your overkill greats down to me care of CiTR, and I'll abuse you in this very column in return. Plus, write me too, and I'll seek out the records you can't locate. Next month: Singin' TV Stars, part 2!!!!!!!!!!

some great effects and booming, growling, Dr. Who monster vocals, the band is a little too stylized, especially in lyrical content. They are on par musically (except for a little bit of glam-metal "guitar-noodling") with the unfettered male aggressive ultra-primalness of bands like Disharmonic Orchestra, Unleashed or Pungent Stench. However, they lack the punch in the message which makes groups such as the Righteous Pigs or Christian grungers Incubus a cut above. If these bands spent more time on using this aggressive music style for a "cause," such as the plight of suburban kids suffering from advanced mall burnout, they would ensure their survival in an increasingly competitive grunge market. Okay, one more time... Brawhhh!!!

J. Boldt

DISPOSABLE HEROES OF HIPHOPRISY
Hipocrisy Is the Greatest Luxury
(Island)

This is just about the most relevant hiphop group in effect right now. Not even PE can lay it down as plainly and pointedly as these cats do. The Heroes rose out of the ashes of the industrial rap act The Beatnigs, who folded in 1989. When the 'Nigs only LP came out in 1987 there was no other group that combined the raw anger of industrial music and elements of political rap of Their Last Poets, African Head Charge and Linton Kwesi Johnson's Brixton-riot-era dub poetry. It was a significant loss when they disbanded.

Now the Disposable Heroes (consisting of two members of the aforementioned group) come out with a highly charged expose of damn near everything that's wrong with the globe right now. They have taken the same stance that the Beatnigs did, but put it to a groove that people who think less can understand. Like those of fellow Californians Consolidated, TDHOH's beats are slick and persusive, hammering the message home before the listener has a chance to dismiss it as political claptrap. Concentrating on domestic issues that are sorely overlooked by the current American government and people, the Heroes cast their verbal barbs with fervor.

The music of Hipocrisy is basic beats and samples, a backdrop to the message. Some cuts have a definite Gil Scott-Heron influence, notably "Music & Politics," a self-examination where the rapper lists his faults and assets to a coffeehouse jazzy rhythm in true Heron style. The flipside of the coin is the cover of Dead Kennedys' "California Uber Alles," done in a very weird singy-rappy way. "Television, The Drug of the Nation" is a much different version of the Beatnigs' well-known song, and it loses a lot of the fire it had in the original.

Although some would scoff at the change in style and claim the 'Nigs were much cooler, TDHOH lose none of the conviction they had in the old group, nor does the accessibility of the album detract from the messages dealt out to the huddled masses, languishing in ignorance and apathy.

Mofo

Jesus and Mary Chain
Honey's Dead
Blanco Y Negro

You know that the Jesus and Mary Chain, William and Jim Reid, are an important band. (Why? Because their press release clearly states that "*Psychocandy* is popularly credited as being the vinyl monument of the eighties.") But the nineties has so far only provided a mixed greeting to the J&MC. *Automatic*, although released in 1989 it is close enough in my books to count as the nineties, was a lackluster effort, both musically and lyrically, and suffered from the lack of a live drummer. On the whole the album was unmemorable except for "Head On" and "Blues from the Gun." It would have been the least interesting musical release from J&MC had they not followed it up with an even worse release, the *Rollercoaster* EP in 1990– which included an abysmal cover of Leonard Cohen's "Tower of Song."

However, the band has found success in touring in the nineties: they headlined a Lollapalooza-type tour in the UK with Blur, Dinosaur Jr., and My Bloody Valentine, called the Rollercoaster ; and this summer they, along with Ministry and the headliners Red Hot Chili Peppers, will be performing on the Lollapalooza II tour.

Undoubtedly, the Jesus Mary Chain will play songs from their new release *Honey's Dead*, which is a welcomed return to their earlier distorted, feedbacked, pop tunes, à la *Psychocandy*. Whereas previous releases have found the band merging utter dark despair with love (and even, gasp, SEX), they have now successfully blended religion into their murky musical stew. The U.K. top ten hit "Reverence," as well "Teenage Lust," "Tumbledown," and "Good For My Soul," manage to overcome the more mediocre songs on *Honey's Dead*, which totals about a third of the songs.

While *Honey's Dead* may not be the 'Monument of the 90s', nor even as good an album as their superb *Darklands* or *Psychocandy*, it is nonetheless a good album with a number of catchy tunes and is a lot better than the disappointing *Automatic*.

Lance Chalmers

Dub Syndicate
Stoned Immaculate
(On U-Sound)

Seems like most days see at least one, if not more, reggae discs being spun on the home system and these days *Stoned Immaculate* fills the number one slot. This is music for the soul, mind, and body. Let it cure what ever ails you. Guaranteed aural cleansing: unplug your ears and pour in at full volume. The central nervous system rejuvenates at maximum strength as riddims gush towards the extremities, dub bubbles in waves throughout the innermost limits of the eternal groove and a slow pulsating rhythm bubbles up your spine. "Out here in the perimeter there are no stars. Out here we is stoned, immaculate." But don't take my word for it, try it yourself. Wadada.

Norm van Rassel

Plagal Grind
Plagal Grind EP
(Xpressway Records)

This band has broken up now, but in a couple of years it will be legendary. All of the participants are active in other groups or projects in and around Dunedin/Port Chalmers, on the south island of New Zealand.

Like most records from Xpressway, it has a lo-fi, echoey sound. From what I can gather, most of the music is recorded at somebody's apartment, on the same four-track machine. The songs are loosely organized, with sudden shifts and droning builds. The closest comparison would be to the Syd Barrett of "Scream Thy Last Scream" or "No Man's Land."

At a friend's place the other night we put it on while we played Risk. The stereo kept repeating the second side over and over. We noticed, however, no one wanted to take it off.

Mark Szabo

REAL LIVE ACTION

Jim Rose Circus Sideshow
Town Pump
Tuesday 24 March

I must admit I had a few qualms while waiting for the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow to begin. I had heard about Mr. Lifto and the guy who regurgitates beer, so as I sat in the crowded Town Pump I wondered about the ethics of slapping down ten bucks to see people do painful things to themselves. Unlike the sideshows of yore, the participants had a choice about performing, and with my conscience thus assayed I awaited the festivities.

Jim Rose was the emcee/stuntmaster for the evening and, in addition to having darts thrown at his back and grinding his face into glass, he turned out to be a humourous host. The comedy was a most welcome relief to some of the more... uhm, hard to stomach parts of the show.

The night was off to a slow start with the Torture King walking up a ladder with razor blades. Fortunately, the entertainment level escalated from this point. The proceedings were accompanied by hilariously appropriate organ music played by (as we discovered later in the show) the Human Terrarium, who happily ate maggots, worms and crickets—coming soon to a restaurant near you?!

Not far into the festivities appeared the amazing Mr. Lifto who began by demonstrating how he didn't need a closet. He carried his shoes from his ears with coathangers and his coat from his nose. And, of course, what everybody had been waiting for, he lifted an iron with strings hooked up to his pierced nipples. Then, as a grand finale, he lifted another iron with his shaving cream-coated penis (his foreskin was pierced). The disguise might've had something to do with avoiding a night in jail for indecent exposure.

Guys, haven't had a date in a while? Well, do the Mr. Lifto schtick and the girls will flock to you (witness all the autographs that Mr. Lifto signed after the show, plus the fact that he looked cool).

Then came my personal "this is hard to take" act with the Human Pincushion. Watching somebody push skewers through his arms, voicebox, eyesocket and his (gulp) cheeks is a bit hard to deal with, 'specially as I was standing near the big video screen so I could see the close-ups. Jim Rose made sure that we knew how painful it was to take the skewers out while my stomach did a slow roll.

Most amusing though was when the Human Pincushion took off his shirt to reveal fifty small pins, with lights attached, poked through his chest. He then held a neon tube in his mouth and Jim Rose cheerfully hooked him to an electric generator and the Human Pincushion looked like a Christmas tree. The Pincushion donned a halo laden with neon, got electrically charged up, and blessed the audience, who ate the spectacle up.

The other act that people were eager to see was Matt 'the Tube' Crowley, who gave a whole new meaning to "up your nose with a rubber hose." It was a pretty huge hose, too. 'The Tube' put a hose down to his stomach and Jim Rose pumped beer into Matt Crowley's stomach via a container with a plunger. And then, yes, it was out again and, yes, someone drank it.

I had a...uhm, great time and the good news is, they're coming back.

June Scudeler

Big Audio Dynamite II
PiL
Live
Blind Melon
PNE Forum
Monday 26 March

The musical icemen cometh, dredged from the sanctuary of time to be resurrected into the world of a fast cash music industry where exploitation and high ticket prices at arena venues reign supreme. Dares't I say it, but it seems that ol' Sid Vicious got the decent end of the deal and an easy way out with a heroin overdose.

Sid will always be remembered for his landmark influence in the 70s punk scene, his youth a drug-ridden and painful life that set a precedent for a punk explosion to follow. In his death he will never grow old, never wrinkle, and never end life as a has-been musician whose gut (and butt) will bloat to repulsive, Pillsbury™ dough-boyish, balloon-like proportions.

Yes, I'm referring to transformed fellow Pistols personality, the totally puh-thetic Mr. Johnny "Rotten" Lydon, the snide and highly unentertaining frontman of Public Image Ltd.

But what about the music, you may ask in exasperation as I delve into the rather sordid account of the performers? I suppose if I could have heard it perhaps I could suck some merit from the fading flowers of the over-hyped tour. However, due to the unfortunate sound at the PNE Forum, all I heard was echo, feedback, static, and the occasional hint of some lyrics through which I was lucky enough to identify a tune or two.

By the time Lydon launched into the popular "Disappointed" the irony abounded. An unenthused (bored) and unresponsive crowd was no doubt puzzled as to how he could possibly be so knowledgeable on the topic of friendship given his unsavory and dislikable character. Mr. Lydon's mooning of the audience insured that they would remain silent, not from shock but from total apathy. Like we honestly cared how grotesquely huge his ass has grown.

"Acid Drops" from PiL's new CD, *That What Not Is*, sort of lent itself to the chaotic and unclear forum sound (not that it makes it a good song or anything), while "Rise" was forgettable as the closing song. Little or no revelation came from Johnny's words. Lydon walked off stage muttering something into the mic about how Vancouver has neither energy nor anger. He was blatantly blind to the fact that the audience was merely reacting to an uninspiring performance.

To be honest, I had no intention of trashing this show. The menagerie of bands was a little peculiar, and the MTV promo seemed somewhat unorthodox for two ex-punk rockers—although I admit that I actually enjoyed the BAD II release *The Globe*. It has upbeat, happy-bum pop tunes that don't pretend to be anything but upbeat and happy-bum. Mr. Mick Jones, formerly of the Clash, fronts the new BAD II.

While most of the songs performed were from the new album, *The Globe*, the band did ventur to play some old BAD songs. Still, the BAD II set was rather predictable and decidedly mundane. However, I managed a quick grin as I picked out Jones singing the lyrics "somehow I stayed thin, while the other guys got fat," taken from the tune "Rush." Bravo Joe, if only the other members of your tour were so fortunate.

I should also briefly mention the first two bands, Live and Blind Melon. Due to a nasty biking accident and a heavy dose of Demerol I admit that I missed 'em both, although I made a point of asking the people around me what they were like.

Sounds like I got off easy with a muscle tear and a serious bruise—at least I was treated to pain killers. The unfortunate audience had to sit through two painful sets of bad music. But that's just hearsay, so who am I to judge?

So how does that old expression go? Old musicians never die, they just lose their... what? How 'bout: old musicians never die, they just lose...it. Period.

Sara Faulkner

Seaweed
aMiniature
Blunt
German band
The Cruel Elephant
Wednesday 8 April

Unbeknownst to me and many other audience members at the Cruel Elephant, someone decided to let a band that had just arrived from Germany open the show. I don't imagine that the decision-maker involved had heard the unnamable band previous to letting them play. Bad move, I'd say. Some surprises are good and some fall into the category of shocks. A horrendous barrage of bad music assaulted my unsuspecting, unblocked ears. Not only did they play their own lousy songs; they also performed an atrocious cover of an L7 song that they had no business covering. I don't know who they were, but if I ever find out I'll be sure to miss their next set.

The second band fell into the pleasant surprise genre. Blunt quelled the mutiny in my ears with their comparative skill. Punk rock fiddle and singers who can sing always cheer me up. I was so thrilled with what I heard that I rushed up to CiTR to listen to their sadly boring CD. The album didn't include their rollicking good time of a cover, "Whole Lotta Love." Unfortunately, the band resides in Houston, Texas, therefore, it is unlikely that they'll be back to Vancouver anytime soon. Make no mistake, the CD is no substitute.

Because Blunt may have outstayed their welcome, aMiniature's set was somewhat abridged, which was fine by me. They were youngish and energetic, but they lacked that special So-Cal something. The bass player broadcasted his musical sympathies through his Rocket From the Crypt t-shirt, however his actual playing proved slap-happy. The obnoxious plucking almost drowned out the singer's weak vocals. Seaweed's set was relatively uncorrupted by other people's music. No cover versions, no funk-induced bass slapping, but ironically, their songs all sounded remarkably alike. Is it possible for a band to rip off its own songs? It's lucky that they wrote at least one catchy song that they could parley into a full-length set. Uniform sound or no uniform sound, they did inspire a whole lot of boys in toques to hop up and down enthusiastically. I'm sure that fun counts for something.

Mindy

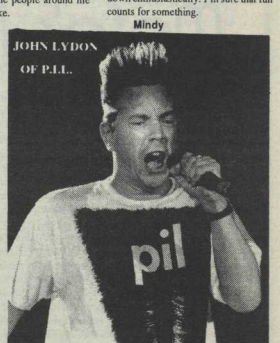


PHOTO: LEN WHISTLER

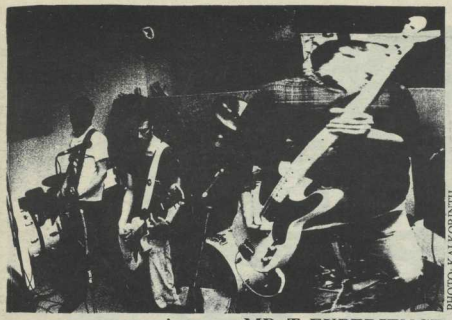


PHOTO: KAI KORINTH

MR. T. EXPERIENCE

Ice-T
Eye to I
Commodore Ballroom
Wednesday 8 April

The opening band, Eye to I, are a hip-hop/funk oriented band with a remarkably obnoxious vocalist (imagine Morton Downey Jr. with a voice like Minnie Mouse, in a skimpy garb with a bad-ass attitude). The only other person worth mentioning was the bassman. You see, being all effects and no technique leaves me wishing he left his theatrical solo at home along with his fuzzbox. Yuck. Still, they were more entertaining than the comedian the audience suffered through in '89.

Ice-T took the stage doing his rap stuff fast. The set sounded like a greatest hits collection spanning all his releases, new and old. It would have been pleasing to hear some of the less popular stuff, but I somehow got the feeling that Ice-T was performing material that the majority of the crowd expected. That is, his unique blend of west coast rap that's hard enough to gain him respect among the east coast elite. But music comprised only half the set. The other half was his between-song joketelling, storytelling, opinions and other various forms of hyping up the crowd. Some commented on the lack of necessity of the interjections although it added to the entertainment without spoiling the flow of the set. In fact, some parts were downright creative. For example, Ice-T performed "Colors" in the style of a Las Vegas lounge act. It was this sort of variety that challenged the open-mindedness of the audience to the point of their defeat.

Following the rap set was what I thought Ice-T was really on the road for...Body Count. Although it won't be released in Canada (although CTR has a copy) I'm sure he wanted his rap reputation to attract potential Body Count supporters. Unfortunately, a sizable minority didn't stick around. Too bad for them. Body Count had a lot of personality and good material. Watching a group of guys from South Central L.A. flapping their Raiders' toques around with the rhythm guitarist donning a Jason-style goalie mask was truly a sight to behold. Although you may not get a chance to see Ice-T soon, fret not. With a musical style like that of Suicidal Tendencies and song titles like "I'm In Love With a KKK Bitch," you'll be hearing plenty about him.

Braden Zrno

John Korsrund's Hard Rubber Orchestra
The Glass Slipper
Thursday 16 April

Shake up three ounces of jazz and two ounces of hardcore new music. Add a dash of rock and roll and a serious dose of John Korsund's twisted musical mind. The final concoction is the sound of John Korsrund's Hard Rubber Orchestra, a local musical circus that can balance any number of aesthetics simultaneously in such a manner that I, unformulated disliker of most improvisatory musics, divulge the secret that this outfit is definitely to be listened to.

With the big band forces of trumpets, trombones, saxophones, a sousaphone, and a rhythm section which includes the very excellent bassist Paul Blaney, HRO plays metamorphasized standards, arrangements of not-so-standards, Korsrud's own compositions which reflect his broad musical experience, and other favorites such as Hendrix's "Manic Depression", featuring electric violinist Cam Wilson (yes, both he and his violin are full of electricity). HRO also brings in guests. This time the charismatic soprano Siphone McKenzie sang solo as well as with the group. The other guest was filmmaker Alex Taylor whose short film was shown along with snippets of the 1970s Ali/Frazier fight. Without a doubt, a concert by HRO is a quilted cornucopia; full band with a musical border-dissolve unit. Gregor Samsa, visit with the Hard Core Rubber Orchestra right away.

Paul Steenhuisen

Violent Femmes
The Commodore Ballroom
Tuesday 7 April

Well, I went to the Violent Femmes gig because I think the Violent Femmes are an excellent group. I've been a fair-weather fan of this band for years and this was the first opportunity I've had to see them live. Mistake. I love the music but I just cannot enjoy myself at those "corporate" concerts, if you will. Tickets were $27.00. The show sold out in advance. What, may I propose, do all these sickly ingredients add up to? Yuppies. Drunk and obnoxious ones. Now don't get me wrong, I have nothing against a drunk and obnoxious person but, oh mercy, when you add the splendour of yuppie-hood, you basically have one of the more pathetic examples of human behaviour on your hands.

The Violent Femmes came on stage to an absolute roar of Vancouverite vocal chords. Gordan's voice was sounding excellent: like a real scratched up, crackly old record. Stand-up drummer Victor was in extremely high spirits, jumping all over the place and yelling into the mic. Towering cowboy-punk bassist Brian still attains that mean ass fuck expression under the brim of a black, ten gallon hat. The band was going strong and sounding good.

I was almost forgetting the idiot people around me when a Kokanee beer can came flying out of the crowd to hit Brian squarely in the face. They finished the song they were playing and Brian Ritchie stood at the edge of the stage glaring out into the audience. Then he said into the microphone "Someone just threw a beer can at me. If someone else wants to throw a beer can at me they can see just how fast a concert can end." This statement was an obvious mistake on Ritchie's part. Never threaten drunk, yuppie bastards. When they are in a mob, as they certainly were that night, they will only take you up on it.

After about three more songs, in the middle of "Nightmares," yet another can was lobbed from the crowd to hit Brian again! Of course, not being the bearers of empty threats, the drummer dropped his sticks, Gordon put down his guitar, and Brian, after glaring intently at the audience for a moment, put down his bass and they all left the stage. The crowd went quiet for a moment and then the silence quickly transformed into an incredible roar with groups of people chanting "Violent Femmes!" Everyone stamped their feet, screamed and clapped. A punk got up on stage and screamed into the mic "don't chuck shit on the band, it's not cool." This performance was met by a rise of applause as he was thrown off the stage by security.

Next came the second mistake. After fifteen minutes of an incredible din from the crowd, the band re-enters the stage. They should not have come back on. If they were going to stay on then they should have stayed on, if they were going to leave then they should have left. If they had ended the show right then, it would have been an incredible show. It would be the most interesting thing I've seen since the Dwarves. It would have fucked the yuppies. But they did come back on.

Drummer Victor spoke to the crowd "it's not that we don't like to play, we love to play...." Later on in the set Gordon spoke: "Well, here we have a break where I say something and you say 'oh wow, that's cool he spoke to us' but I'm not going to say anything because I don't want to, I'm not in the mood." The rest of the set went on fairly uninterrupted.

We all got to hear the big hits like "Blister in the Sun" and "Kiss Off." The band wore fake smiles as they pounded out their raucous beat. They were called back for two encores which included the excellent anthems "American Music" and "Add It Up." The highlight song for me was the absolute rockin' "Girl Trouble Up the Ass."

So there you have it, that's what happened. To recap my review: the band was good, the crowd was bad. The yuppie fucks don't know it, but they were triumphant. And it was the Violent Femmes' fault for letting them win. Nonetheless, the Violent Femmes are still a great group.

Grant Lawrence

Lush
Flaming Lips
The Commodore Ballroom
Saturday 18 April

Oh dear, I went to see one of those flavour of the month British groups and the taste was definitely bland. The Flaming Lips opened and did noisy 60's stuff.

Okay, so maybe I wasn't exactly in the mood for dreamy guitar pop, but I tried, I really did. I attempted to sway with a modicum of enthusiasm, but I gave up.

The cool thing about Lush are the two women, Miki, who did most of the singing and Emma, who did the guitar thing. Lots of atmospheric fog and pretty nifty lasers were the highlights. I wandered around and nettwerked with Tonni and Catherine, then chatted with Pete'n'Jane of Perfume Tree fame. Oh yeah, then I went to the Bread Garden and saw Pete'n'Jane, and Bruce, and my concert companion (who had a great time and read a lot) lick the icing off my plate of carrot cake.

So, like, when's Blur playing?

June Scudeler

A Hodgepodge of Musical Events
March & April 1992

The party spirit was definitely screaming to escape this past month, although I am not sure if the real radical me has come out. I can't remember when I saw the bands I'm about to mention or even all the bands I saw, but here are some that managed to penetrate my long term memory.

Mr. T Experience, The Smugglers and The Goblins played a cool little gig at 56 Gallery in late March, proving that you don't need a Martin P.A. to put down on a gig. Sound can exist in 2 Traynor 15's if you use a brain and turn down the guitar. Mr. Serviette was there to perform as a Goblin and to sell the first copies of his latest compilation featuring Beat Happening and Hank the Hobo. I'm sorry that I missed the Goblins but some bar had cheap beer...they got rave reviews from everyone I heard talk of them.

The Smugglers rocked out like a Saturday night dance but frontman Grant forgot it was Sunday and wanted more applause. Beez, the ex-Manniquin but present Smuggler, sang a pretty love song, or shall I say one that is likely to make him the recipient of the odd slap from offended ladies. They also have a new drummer [ex-Vindicator, Bryce Dunn.—Ed.] who is quite good and has more hair than the rest of the band put together (except Beez). Dave the lead guitar player always looks like he is having a good time and has mastered garage/surf lead playing down to a T. It., and is backed by a competent rhythm player.

Mr. T. Experience kept the energy up until the fuzz said no more. The lead singer/guitar player mentioned the latest "new wave" of music threatening to take over the planet. I remember reading in a late sixties rock book using the same term to describe Ten Years After and Fleetwood Mac. While I enjoyed most of their set, I found that after about seven or eight songs, they all started to sound the same, but then I had never heard them before. I did buy a couple of bottle openers off them 'cause they were cool shades of pink and green, but when I got home I remembered that I only seem to get twist off caps these days.

Little Joe/Ho/Alien and the Psychos performed at the Cruel Elephant a few days later. The first time I saw Little Joe I thought it was beyond brilliant and super tight. Miss beautiful Chrome Gorilla even got on stage for a blistering rendition of a Meat Loaf number. I really dig the numbers that these boys have written. I heard that Chi Pig hurt his back or something and wasn't able to practice as much, and we all know that he was pretty busy with the latest SNFU tour. Even though all of the players and the singer were doing their jobs quite well, the overall performance was not as tight as the last time I saw them. For anyone who only saw them this night I would like to tell them that this band has awesome potential.

Ho features a singer who plays an acoustic through a Fender Super reverb or something similar. I wished that I could hear his vocals over top of the guitar because they seemed interesting. The ex-Octatrackter bass player Darren is starting to listen to Mr. Pastorius, or at least a couple of TIREHOSE albums-good work. I heard that the drummer is also in Lung. Alien and the Psycho, I must admit, kicked a little butt this evening. Everyone in this band is probably five years younger than the world famous rock star of the evening. I hope these Abbotsford lads keep it up!!

The What Gallery is now between Commercial and Clark in the back alley between Pender and Frances. They have gigs that start around 2:00 a.m. on Friday and Saturday nights. It is almost the most awesome place in the world if it wasn't for the odd person (male and female) who decides that fists and blood make a nice smell. If they don't like you at the What they'll throw empty beer cans on the stage. Not in the player's face too often, just on the stage (please).

I think the highlight of my month was the five minute industrial noise jam performed by a band called Golliwog. Barrels, wheels and clarinets were a prelude to a band fronted by a Morrisonesque poet with a good voice. They didn't sound at all lacking without a guitar player: just bass, drums and vocals pounding out thrashy, cheetahy, punky, art-fuck sludge. Three cheers!!!!

Another band I saw at the What that I liked was Man, who will have to change their name when they get a second female guitar player as my Ouija board insists. This mega-tight, Seattle-sounding combo has an excellent singer who plays bass. Elvis Love Child didn't get any cans thrown at them, so the people must have liked them, but everyone was too tired to respond, including me. If Grant from the Schnugs thinks he had it bad, Elvis of the night himself was putting at least 200 per cent into his vocals and receiving one clap for every ten people. Good bass player.

Evan Symons

Teenage Fanclub
Afghan Whigs
Commodore Ballroom
Sunday 19 April

It seemed that earlier this year everybody was into Teenage Fanclub: the Scottish band's second disc, *Bandwagonesque*, was named *SPIN* Magazine's album of the year, and I saw said disc in many CD and tape collection. This in mind, I was surprised by the dismal turnout to the band's Vancouver's debut (well, dismal compared to the Lush show the night before). Easter commitments, or the band's lackluster performance on *Saturday Night Live* must have kept people from going because the gig had the lowest ticket prices for a "British press' next big thing" since Ned's Atomic Dustbin.

Cincinnati's Afghan Whigs got the show off to a sloppy start, but some catchy melodies emerged from their murk. This Sub Pop band has many great tunes, but their best stuff tends to sound a lot like other bands, such as their Sonic Youth meets the Replacements' "Retarded," or the Dinosaur Jr. sounding "Conjure Me." Eventually, they got the crowd moshing to the industrial sounding "Congregation," title track to their latest disc. Lead singer Greg Sulli aimed many apparent in-jokes towards [Unfortunately because *Discorder* is a Nirvana free publication we can not mention the name Chris Novoselic.—Ed.] who came up from Seattle to catch the show. Most of the crowd seemed oblivious that they were standing in the midst of rock 'n'roll royalty, which was good because at least no one went up to him and did that *Wayne's World* "We're not worthy" thing.

Teenage Fanclub emerged with a rather generic sounding instrumental but, after all, the shirts they were selling pledged "100% recycled music." Their songs, which seem rather long on disc, tend to feel pretty short live, and they had large gaps between songs. However, when they played they demonstrated an ability to write some good pop tunes. They had people dancing, moshing, and singing along to their catchier songs "The Concept," "What You Do To Me," and "Star Sign." They paid their obvious debt to Big Star with a cover of an Alex Chilton tune, and even improvised a danceable little ditty using guitar practice scales. It's a given that they're not much more than a glorified, alternative rock bar band with some good melodic hooks, but they do have fun on-stage, don't mess up too much and, above all, are very polite.

J. Margolis

The Pixies
Commodore Ballroom
Saturday 25 April

Imagine the anticipation. The real live Pixies at the real live Commodore. And me, a Pixies virgin, entrusted with the awesome responsibility of sharing my thoughts on the show with the untold millions who read *Discorder*. Oh, the pressure...

Lucky for me, this show was an easy one to review. By the time the Pixies finally took the stage, sometime after midnight, the crowd was ready, willing, and able to cheer and dance hysterically no matter what the band actually sounded like. The Pixies must have figured this out, because that meant that all they had to do was show up and play their music—which is what they did. Quite well, in fact.

It's just that there was nothing unique about the show at all. Nothing was bad, nothing was great. The lighting was adequate, but not spectacular. The sound was the pretty average Commodore sound—not so loud that you couldn't hear yourself think, not so quiet that you could hear yourself perspire. Oh, by the way, the band was alright too. With the exception of the periodic release of controlled bursts of feedback, Black & Co. sounded pretty much like they do on all their records, which was fine with the crowd. It was becoming clear that they weren't going to try anything that required a lot of imagination with any of their songs.

They didn't even say anything to the crowd, which was probably a good thing. Somehow, "Hello Vancouver, it's great to be here, are you ready to rock and roll?" wouldn't quite have been their style.

Their set of music was pretty safe, concentrating, but not keeping exclusively to, material from their latest release, *Trompe le Monde*. "U-Mass" was a highlight (they saved it for last) as was the classic "Here Comes Your Man," which drew a predictably enthusiastic cheer of recognition from the crowd. My only real complaint was the length of their set. It seemed short, particularly since there was no encore—the Pixies barely had time to clear the stage before the house lights came on.

Apart from that, there was little else to say about the show—good, bad, or otherwise. In short, the Pixies didn't let the show be about anything other than their music, which was probably the point. If you like their stuff, you liked the show. If you don't, it served you right for going in the first place. Why should the Pixies care? They have your 24 bucks either way.

Dru Pavlov

STUDENTS - WELCOME TO

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OVER 1500 JOBS!

The Pacific National Exhibition is about to begin its annual recruitment drive for fairtime employees to work at this year's annual provincial Fair, August 21 - September 7, 1992. The job opportunities are vast and varied, including:

- ticket sellers
- waiters/waitresses
- tour train conductors
- patrol
- ground maintenance
- drivers
- hosts/hostesses
- pet and poultry
- and many, many more

There are over 1,500 positions waiting to be filled, ranging from $7.06 to $10.16/hour.

"The P.N.E. is you'n'me", and if you would like to join our team, please apply in person at our **JOB FAIR**, where a listing of positions together with pay rates will be available:

Friday, May 8, 1992 10 am - 7 pm
Saturday, May 9, 1992 9 am - 4 pm

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ALTERNATIVE

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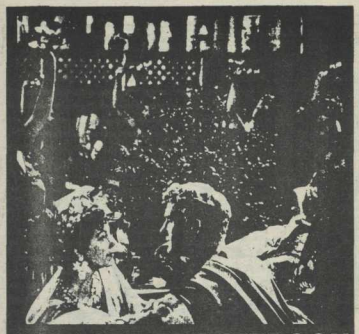
PART "WHO GIVES A FUCK." OF VERTEBRATE DISSECTION BY BRYCE THWG 92.

HEY! FUN!

WELL, ACTUALLY, NO..: BUT WE'LL SEE... YO, "HUGH G. RECTION" — YOU MUST HAVE BIG BALLS... REALLY BIG. GAVE YOUR REAL NAME, EH? C'MON — WRITE AN ARTICLE — LIGHTEN UP!

NEXT: HUMOUR SUFFERS MORE THAN IT ALREADY HAS, OPHELIA & THE OTHER GUY JUST HANG OUT ON THE SIDELINES, LIKE IT WAS HOCKEY NIGHT IN CANADA...

BUT THEY STAY IN THE MALL.



DiSCORDER DATEBOOK

FRIDAY 1 Sherman Robertson at the Yale... **Bob's Your Uncle** with **Jerry Jerry & the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra, Jho Nek Bone, the Sweaters** at 86 Street... **Dog Eat Dog** at the What Gallery... **Hitting Birth** with **Itch, Man** and **Facepuller** at the Cruel Elephant... **Groove '92** with **Quick Trouble** (116 E 2nd Ave)... **Terpischorus** at the Glass Slipper... **Peggy Baker Solo Dance** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Elizabeth Fischer's Little Things** exhibition opens at A Walk Is (until the 31st)... **Bugsy** (7pm) and **Goodfellas** (9:35pm) at the Ridge...

SATURDAY 2 Mayhem warehouse party with **Derrick "Mayday" May** and **R-Tyme** (116 E 2nd Ave)...**The Imagineers** with **The Show Business Giants, Cane Toads, and Whining Dining and Drilling** at the Cruel Elephant... **Sherman Robertson** at the Yale... **Ahmed Hassan's Music & Myths** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (2pm)... **Peggy Baker Solo Dance** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Claude Ranger Quartet** at the Glass Slipper... **Vancouver Bach Choir's Last Night at the Proms** at the Orpheum... **Sass Jordan** at 86 Street... **Bugsy** (7pm) and **Goodfellas** (9:35pm) at the Ridge...

SUNDAY 3 **Daryl Jahnke Trio** at the Glass Slipper...**S.N.F.U.** at the Cruel Elephant... **Roy Bailey** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Spirit of the West with Bourne & Macleod** and **Acoustically Inclined** at the Commodore... **Bugsy** (7pm) and **Goodfellas** (9:35pm) at the Ridge...

MONDAY 4 CiTR Alternative Night at the Pit Pub... **Oliver & the Elements** at the Yale... **Highway 61** (7:30pm) and **Easy Rider** (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

TUESDAY 5 **70's Disco** at the Cruel Elephant...**Incognito** at the Yale... **Highway 61** (7:30pm) and **Easy Rider** (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

WEDNESDAY 6 CiTR Hot Wednesday at the Pit Pub...**Green Day, Ghetto Schiest & Alien and the Psycho** at the Cruel Elephant... **L'Europe Des Poetes Serge Kerval** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Fantazéa** at the Glass Slipper... **Incognito** CD release party at the Yale... **Overexposed** 1992 SFU Student Films (7:30pm) at the Ridge...

THURSDAY 7 CiTR Alternative Night at the Pit Pub...**The Indecisives** with **Sons and Lovers, Scott B. Sympathy** and **No Evil Hair** at the Cruel Elephant... **Meat Puppets** with **Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy** at the Town Pump... **Blaney/Ord Amalgamation** at the Glass Slipper... **Perfume Tree** with **Movieland** at the Commodore... **Incognito** at the Yale... **Overexposed** 1992 SFU Student Films (7:30pm) at the Ridge...

FRIDAY 8 **Incognito** at the Yale... **Garbo's Hat** at the Glass Slipper... **"Skatanism"** with **Coffin Break, Loot Bag,** and **Aging Youth Gang**... **Blur** with **Senseless Things** at 86 Street... **Legends of Rock 'n' Roll with James Player, Brian Andrews, Larry Branson** at the Commodore... **Bill Morrissey** at the Backstage (Seattle)...**The Prince of Tides** (7pm) and **Meeting Venus** (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

SATURDAY 9 **Incognito** at the Yale... **Little Joe** with **Deadbeat Backbone** and **Sex With Nixon** at the Cruel Elephant... **Paul Plimley Quartet** at the Glass Slipper... **Harambe IX Tribute to Bob Marley with Cinnamon, Tropical Breeze, Fire Temple, Andy Oliver & His Band** at the Commodore... **Frozen Ghost** with **Wild T & the Spirit** at 86 Street... **The Prince of Tides** (7pm) and **Meeting Venus** (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

SUNDAY 10 **Hermeto Pascoal Group** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Unsane** with **King Carcass** at the Cruel Elephant (show starts 8 pm)... **Al di Meola & His Band** at the Commodore... **Vancouver Men's Chorus' Citylolk** at the Orpheum... **Tony Wilson's Bugs Alive** at the Glass Slipper... **The Prince of Tides** (7pm) and **Meeting Venus** (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

MONDAY 11 CiTR Alternative Night at the Pit Pub... **Dick Siegel** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Oliver & the Elements** at the Yale... **Until the End of the World** (7:30pm) at the Ridge...

TUESDAY 12 **Original Sinners** at the Yale... **70's Disco** at the Cruel Elephant... **Until the End of the World** (7:30pm) at the Ridge...

WEDNESDAY 13 CiTR Hot Wednesday at the Pit Pub... **Crawl and Trust Us** with **Zolty Cracker** and **Six Inch Maria** at the Cruel Elephant... **Two Nice Girls** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Maya—Sounds of India** at the Glass Slipper... **Original Sinners** at the Yale... **Mean Streets** (7:15pm) and **Chinatown** (9:25pm) at the Ridge...

THURSDAY 14 CiTR Alternative Night at the Pit Pub... **Jack Feels Fine, Truk,** and **The Many** at the Cruel Elephant... **Al Wiertz & Bebop Gone Mad** at the Glass Slipper... **Al Walker Band** video release party at the Yale... **Buffalo Tom** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Mean Streets** (7:15pm) and **Chinatown** (9:25pm) at the Ridge...

FRIDAY 15 **Larry Roy & Marilyn Lerner Quartet** at the Glass Slipper... **Sweaty Nipples** at the Cruel Elephant... **Hard Rock Miners** CD release party with **Grames Brothers and Rattled Roosters** at the Commodore... **Al Walker Band** video release party at the Yale... **Voyager** (7pm & 9:25pm) at the Ridge...

SATURDAY 16 **Larry Roy & Marilyn Lerner Quartet** at the Glass Slipper... **Cop Shoot Cop** and **Drone** at the Cruel Elephant... **Al Walker Band** video release party at the Yale... **Voyager** (7pm & 9:25pm) at the Ridge...

SUNDAY 17 **Primal Orbit** at the Glass Slipper... **Voyager** (7pm & 9:25pm) at the Ridge...

MONDAY 18 CiTR Alternative Night at the Pit Pub... **Oliver & the Elements** at the Yale... **Voyager** (7pm & 9:25pm) at the Ridge...

TUESDAY 19 **Liz Mandeville** with the **Demons** at the Yale... **70's Disco** at the Cruel Elephant... **Ride** with **Slowdive** at the Commodore... **Henry Kaiser** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Voyager** (7pm & 9:25pm) at the Ridge...

WEDNESDAY 20 CiTR Hot Wednesday at the Pit Pub... **Bewitched** with **Kreviss** and **Mecca Normal** at the Cruel Elephant... **Treefrog** at 86 Street... **Gypsalero** at the Glass Slipper... **Liz Mandeville** with the **Demons** at the Yale... **Voyager** (7pm & 9:25pm) at the Ridge...

THURSDAY 21 CiTR Alternative Night at the Pit Pub... **Helios Creed** and **Noise Floor** at the Cruel Elephant... **Vancouver Lesbian & Gay Choir's Sing-Out** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Cowboy Junkies** at the Orpheum... **Impromptu Jazz Ensemble** at the Glass Slipper... **Liz Mandeville** with the **Demons** at the Yale... **Voyager** (7pm & 9:25pm) at the Ridge...

FRIDAY 22 **Liz Mandeville** with the **Demons** at the Yale... **Rumble Fish, Dose Pump,** and **The Juice Monkeys** at the Cruel Elephant... **Vancouver Lesbian & Gay Choir's Sing-Out** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Bruce Freedman Quartet** at the Glass Slipper... **Voyager** (7pm & 9:25pm) at the Ridge...

SATURDAY 23 **Liz Mandeville** with the **Demons** at the Yale... **Lethal Gospel** and **Motherwell** at the Cruel Elephant... **Roger Baird & MuseArt** at the Glass Slipper... **Harem Scarem** at 86 Street... **Second Nature** with **Water** at the Commodore... **Buckwheat Zydeco** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Voyager** (7pm & 9:25pm) at the Ridge...

SUNDAY 24 **Above Ground** at the Glass Slipper... **The Mutts** with **Cheater Slicks** at the Cruel Elephant... **Lowry Olafson & Friends** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Voyager** (7pm & 9:25pm) at the Ridge...

MONDAY 25 CiTR Alternative Night at the Pit Pub... **Oliver & the Elements** at the Yale... **Mississippi Masala** (7:15pm) and **Salaam Bombay!** (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

TUESDAY 26 **Vaqueros** at the Yale... **70's Disco** at the Cruel Elephant... **Eric Bogle** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Mississippi Masala** (7:15pm) and **Salaam Bombay!** (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

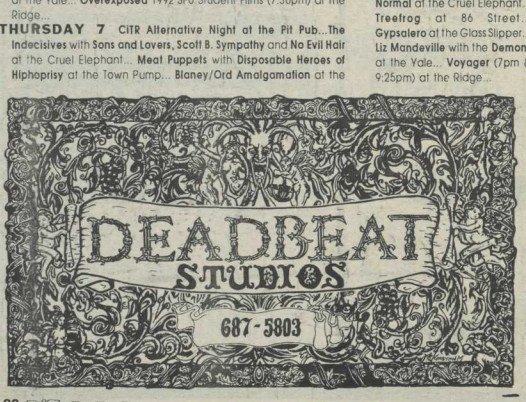
WEDNESDAY 27 CiTR Hot Wednesday at the Pit Pub... **The Detonators** with **D.C. Beggars** and **Oliver Twisted** at the Cruel Elephant... **Jack Duncan & Shango Ashé** at the Glass Slipper... **Vaqueros** at the Yale... **Europa, Europa** (7:15pm) and **Uranus** (9:30pm) at the Ridge...

THURSDAY 28 CiTR Alternative Night at the Pit Pub... **Swell Prod** with **Mexican Power Authority** and **Laughing Stock** at the Cruel Elephant... **Tonal Vision** at the Glass Slipper... **Bel-airs** at the Yale... **Europa, Europa** (7:15pm) and **Uranus** (9:30pm) at the Ridge... **Vancouver Youth Theatre's Canadian Stories** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

FRIDAY 29 **Between the Lines** at the Glass Slipper... **TAD** with **The Pasties** and **Dancing On Glass** at the Cruel Elephant... **Bel-airs** at the Yale... **R&B Allstars, Powder Blues Band, Night Train Revue** at the Commodore... **Jazz Butcher** at the Backstage (Seattle)... **Wayne's World** (7:30pm) and **This Is Spinal Tap** (9:25pm) at the Ridge... **Vancouver Youth Theatre's Canadian Stories** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

SATURDAY 30 **Coat Cooke & the Evolution** at the Glass Slipper... **Rattled Roosters** and the **Cromson Seeds** at the Cruel Elephant... **Bel-airs** at the Yale... **Wall Street** at the Commodore... **Wayne's World** (7:30pm) and **This Is Spinal Tap** (9:25pm) at the Ridge... **Vancouver Youth Theatre's Canadian Stories** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...

SUNDAY 31 **Kokoro Dance & Kane/Tayler Explosion** at the Glass Slipper... **Sumalao** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Wayne's World** (7:30pm) and **This Is Spinal Tap** (9:25pm) at the Ridge...



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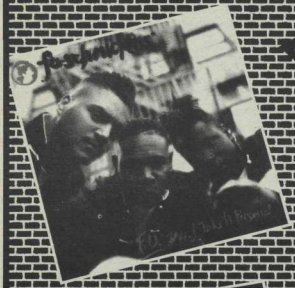

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MORE COOL STUFF FROM ZULU

Pavement
◉ Slanted and Enchanted

Okay, so we advertised it two months ago, it didn't come in, we have egg on our face. Hey look, they told us it would be available early in March. So it turns out to be late April!
Well it's here now, and in our opinion it sounds like "The-Fall-meets-The-Pixies-meets-The-Velvet-Underground". One of the choice releases of the year; on Matador Records. IMPORT

Victim's Family
◉ The Germ

A new release on San Francisco's infamous Alternative Tentacles label. This rockin' groove-oriented hardcore album was produced in Vancouver by Rob Wright and Cecil English. Wailing stuff! IMPORT

Godflesh
◉ Pure

Straight from England's legendary Earache label comes Godflesh's newest release, "Pure". Previous albums "Streetcleaner" and "Slavestate" pegged Godflesh as the flagbearers of the grindcore movement. A pulverising assualt on the senses. IMPORT

Seaweed
◉ Weak

On Sub-Pop, a brand spanking new release from these young pups. Someday you'll thank us for getting you hooked on "the 'weed". IMPORT

L7
◉ Bricks are Heavy

Reigning queens of the foxcore world, L7 have just unleashed their major label debut, "Bricks are Heavy". Long one of LA's top live draws, their previous SubPop release set the stage for this, their much-anticipated breakthrough release on Warner Brothers.

only...

14.98 cd
9.98 cass

sale prices in effect until May 31, 1992

Manic Street Preachers
◉ Generation Terrorists

Readers of Britain's music mags can't help but notice this year's newest sensations, The Manic Street Preachers. Their cock-sure attitude and "rebel rocker" stance will ensure that their May 4 Graceland show will attract (insert your name here). An 18-song debut at an exceptional price!

Manic Street Preachers Special Price
10.98cd
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NEWS FLASH

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3PM - Thursday, May 14 • Don't dare miss it

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Offer only valid with this coupon.
Coupon must be presented before sale is rung in.
Free tape must be of equal or lesser value.
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BUY 2, GET 1 FREE!

Super Price on Superchunk

From North Carolina comes Superchunk, with their 90's twist on punk rock stylings. With the recent release of "Tossing Seeds" (the singles compilation) their whole catalogue is now available on CD and cassette. Music critics always pick Superchunk high on their lists, and so does the friendly Zulu staff.

- Tossing Seeds
- No Pocky For Kitty
- (self-titled)

14.98cd
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